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THE  
LADIES'  
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

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DECEMBER, 1823.

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*MISS LOVE.*

**T**HIS amiable and accomplished young lady, who has recently attracted so much notice at Covent-garden, is the daughter and only child of the late Mr. F. T. Love, an officer in His Majesty's service, who fell a sacrifice to an epidemic fever, which raged in Africa, some few years ago. Miss Love is a native of the City of London, having been born in the vicinity of Cheapside, in the month of September, 1801. Endowed with a pleasing voice and a natural taste for music, she was placed, at an early age, under the able tuition of Mr. D. Corri, through whose superior superintendence and care she soon gave the most unequivocal proofs of true genius. After a regular course of instruction, Miss Love was deemed fully qualified to become a candidate for public favour; she was, therefore, introduced to the spirited manager of the English Opera-house; who appreciated her talents so highly, that he immediately engaged her for four seasons. Here she was received with the warmest applause, and soon became one of the firmest supporters of that elegant theatre. At the termination of her engagement, Miss Love received a liberal offer from the management of Covent-garden, which she accepted, and is now in a fair way to rival the most successful actresses of the day.

The voice of Miss Love is of very great compass, and its lower notes breathe a rich fullness of melody that excite the warmest enthusiasm. It possesses a certain power of impressing the heart, while it charms and delights the ear. She never fails, therefore, to interest the feelings of the audience in a very considerable degree. The ardour which charac-

terizes her vocal exertions, animates her also as an actress. In the characters of Isabella, in "The Wonder," Luciana, in "The Comedy of Errors," Phoebe, in "Rosina," Lucinda, in "Love in a Village," Olivia, in "Twelfth Night," Rosanthe, in "Brother and Sister," Dolly, in "The Woodman," and Vespina, in the new opera of "Clari," she has particularly distinguished herself; but what has, more than all these, tended to establish her reputation, is her recent appearance in the character of Marina, in the new and splendid historical Drama, entitled, "Cortez; or the Conquest of Mexico."

This character had been originally assigned to Miss M. Tree, but in consequence of indisposition, the part devolved on the subject of this memoir, and it will not be deemed uninteresting to state, that, although *twenty-four hours' notice* only were given, she acquitted herself to the entire satisfaction of a numerous and delighted audience. Indeed, so much were her exertions appreciated by the managers, that they immediately wrote a very flattering letter to the mother of the young lady, acknowledging, in the handsomest terms, their obligations to the talents of our heroine.

In person, Miss Love is above the middle stature; her figure is graceful and commanding; her attitudes and movements natural and intelligible; her countenance pleasing and even beautiful. The qualities of her heart are of the purest kind, and, to her honor be it recorded, she has laboured, assiduously and successfully, to render the declining years of an excellent and attached mother, smooth, peaceful, and agreeable. We need say nothing more, we are persuaded, to ensure to Miss Love the good opinion and esteem, not only of all true lovers of the Drama, but of those also who respect moral worth and filial piety.

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#### IMPROVEMENT ON ADDISON'S CATO.

Most readers are acquainted with that passage of Addison's Cato, "A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty, is worth a whole eternity of bondage." Liberty appeared too cheaply estimated, at this rate, to a bookseller in Sunderland, who, some years ago, displayed a flag, on which was inscribed, "An hour's liberty is worth *more than an eternity* of bondage."

## CROYLAND ABBEY ;

A TALE.

*(Concluded from page 256.)*

WHILE they were keeping their watchful vigils, Guthlac enquired some further particulars respecting the allusion to the spirits of Crowland; and learnt that, according to popular legends, that dreary spot was infested by demons of a most malignant nature, who, for reasons best known to themselves, would never let any one take up their residence in their usurped dominions. Guthlac smiled at the gravity with which the peasant delivered this account; but as he was of an age prone to feel interest in whatever was marvellous, and being in some measure tinctured with the superstition of the times, he continued to listen with attention while his companion observed that "it was a pity some of the holy fathers did not undertake to exorcise those unclean spirits, instead of wasting their time in slothful indulgence; but," he added with a sort of sneer, "I doubt whether, with all their boasted sanctity, any of the monks are pure enough, in heart and life, to enter into spiritual combat with these imps of darkness."—"And do you think then," asked Guthlac, "that if one could be found of unblemished virtue, and piously disposed, he would be likely to succeed in such an undertaking?" "I have no doubt of it," returned the peasant, laughing, "but I marvel whether such a one is to be found; he would be well worthy of canonization." Little more was said on the subject, but it irresistibly occupied the thoughts of Guthlac, 'till, from pondering on the remarks of his host, and suffering his thoughts continually to dwell upon the same theme, a heaviness stole over his senses, and he fell into a disturbed sleep: during which, fancy embodied his wild ideas, and presented a vision, the impressions of which were never afterwards erased from his memory.—He believed himself to be wading through stagnant and marshy pools; and, at every step, felt himself in danger of suffocation. In this alarming situation, he was roused to make fresh exertions by perceiving his mother standing on an opposite bank;

she stretched her arms towards him, exclaiming, "Oh! my son! persevere! pursue the course you are now in, or you perish, soul and body." Animated by this energetic address, he struggled with violence; and he was enabled to save himself from sinking deeper into the marshy soil, by catching at some reeds which he had not before observed. After repeated efforts he sprung upon land and felt himself clasped in his mother's arms; after a short embrace she put him from her, and, pointing to a low stone edifice, at a distance, said, "Farewell! we shall meet again *there*."—Guthlac strove to detain her, but in vain; she eluded his grasp and vanished from his sight; and, after wandering some time in fruitless search, he seated himself upon a heap of stones, and gave way to melancholy reflection on his apparently forlorn situation.—Strains of soft music now struck upon his ear, and female voices of melodious sweetness entranced him with delight—On a sudden, two lovely and well known forms stood before him; they were those of Pega and Elfrida: "We are come" said the latter, smiling, "to offer ourselves to you; choose, Guthlac, which shall be your bride; and from that moment our jealous competition shall end."—Guthlac after a moment's hesitation, and casting a look of affectionate regret at Pega, approached his beloved Elfrida, who instantly drawing her hand from beneath her mantle, plunged a dagger in his breast.—A shriek of horror burst from the frantic Pega, who, rushing forward, caught him in her arms, exclaiming—"Traitor! he is mine, now,—mine for ever!"—then mounting on pinions, hitherto concealed, she bore him through the air with a rapidity which caused him to feel such a dizzy sickness, as awoke him from his sleep; and occasioned a sensation similar to the cold perspiration which precedes death.—It was a considerable time before Guthlac could shake off the agitation occasioned by his dream: he gazed fearfully around, impressed with an idea that some danger was at hand, against which he might not be prepared. All was, however, still within the hut, and as soon as the joyous beams of the morning illumined hill and dale, he roused his companions, urging the necessity of his proceeding with Pega, to place her safe under the protection of her friends.

Pega was received with heartfelt joy by her delighted mo-

ther, and by the venerable Hedda, who had been summoned by the distracted Gunilda, immediately to afford her, in her hours of affliction, all the support and consolation he was able to bestow. To him Guthlac faithfully repeated all that had occurred, not even omitting his dream; at the same time enquiring what he thought of it, and if it did not portend some extraordinary event.—Hedda listened to his young friend with evident anxiety, occasioned not so much by the dream or its imagined import, as to the flushed countenance and disordered mein of Guthlac—"I am no interpreter of dreams, my son," said the old man, "though I do not affect to say that they are wholly without meaning: nay, I will even go so far as to say that they have, in many cases, been awfully prophetic: but generally speaking, I think they reveal more particularly the state of mind, and the hidden workings of the soul, of him who dreams. And in your's, Guthlac, I can discover that all is not right. Start not, my dear young friend, nor fear that I suspect you of any thing dishonorable; but, trust me, this is no place for you.—Sorry I am to be the bearer of ill tidings, but your poor mother now lies dangerously ill; seek her, Guthlac, and let her instructions and wishes guide your future course."—Guthlac fully understood the Abbot's hint; and as he bent his course towards the convent where his mother had so long found shelter, he anticipated her wishes, and framed his resolution accordingly.

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Anselm, meanwhile, raised to the highest pinnacle of fame and fortune, had claimed and obtained the hand of the beauteous Elfrida, and with a splendid retinue arrived at Bourg Castle, on the day succeeding that of Guthlac's departure to visit his dying mother.—Into the confidential bosom of her fair friend, Pega poured out the history of her woes, acknowledged what her feelings had previously betrayed, and deplored the fatal mystery which had led her into an error so fatal to her peace.—The gentle Elfrida heard her with tender concern, and mildly chid her for yielding to impressions of so dangerous a tendency; assuring her that time and intercourse with the world would eventually blunt the keen sensibility of her feelings, and enable her to regard Guthlac with the chastened tenderness of sisterly affection.

To her admonition she added, that she would return with her to the court of their beneficent sovereign, where her merit and attraction would soon secure an alliance worthy of her."—Pega shook her head disdainfully, and, in a tone of bitter reproach, replied—"You too, Elfrida, speak the language of the world; and revelling in happiness yourself, know not how to feel for the miserable wretch who has experienced the wreck of her fondest hopes, and trembles on the brink of guilt's deep precipice,—but there is an upholding arm which yet *can* and *will* save me—

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Detached fragments only of the manuscript were now legible: time had obliterated so many passages, that it was found impossible to connect the narrative, so as to preserve a regular form. From what was perfect, however, it appeared that Guthlac, soon after the marriage of Elfrida, entered a religious house, where he completed his noviciate, and afterwards took the habit of the order.—The same chivalric and ambitious spirit which had marked his early career, soon again displayed itself in the form of religious enthusiasm. He had pondered long and deeply on the subject of the Crowland spirits, and was, by the aid of some learned fathers, made a perfect convert to the doctrine of demonology.—The desire of distinguishing himself in an enterprise which promised to secure him both worldly fame and a prospect of future beatification, operated so powerfully on his mind, as to induce him to venture upon a residence in a spot, shunned by all others, and likely to appal, by its terrors, the stoutest heart. Thither, however, strong in faith and conscious rectitude, Guthlac repaired; and constructed for himself a sort of hermitage, fashioned, as nearly as his unskilled powers would permit, after the fashion of the small stone edifice he had beheld in his dream, the recollection of which had haunted him perpetually. In this spot he remained until his death; though it is believed his solitude was cheered by a being pure and intelligent as himself, and like him, the self-devoted victim of hopeless love. The following fragments are all the memorials preserved relative to the history of Guthlac and Pega, during their voluntary seclusion at Crowland.

"To Pega,

"You entreat me to abandon a scheme which, you tell me, could only have been engendered in the brain of a madman. Surely, my Pega is not so weak in faith as to feel alarm for my personal or spiritual safety. The powers of darkness cannot strive successfully with him who has righteousness for his shield: what then have I to fear?—Privations and hardships I have been inured to, from my boyish days:—persist not then, dear sister, in attempting to dissuade me from an undertaking in which I glory, and to which I am called by a voice from above—the voice of my sainted mother, who long anticipated the brilliant destiny that awaited me, from the pursuit of which I have too long been detained by worldly phantoms, which, however, I now view in their true colours, and despise.

"GUTHLAC."

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"To Pega,

"Share my exile, Pega? impossible: you know not what you ask.—What! for me, an isolated, unconnected being, give up the comforts, the luxuries of life,—expose yourself to colds, and damps, and terrors, such as you cannot even picture to yourself?—and would not the world, that world which you are so well fitted to adorn, misconstrue the actions and arraign the purity of your motives?—it must not, must not be."

"GUTHLAC."

#### FRAGMENT.

"What a night of horrors have I passed!—am I indeed in my senses? can mortal flesh really combat against these assailants? or is it all visionary?—methought a sweet, a well known voice awoke me from my uneasy slumbers; yet it was not Elfrida! ah, no!—she is now, far, far distant, reveling in bliss. I must strive against these thoughts, or my task cannot be achieved—hark! the voice! again it calls me—'Guthlac! Guthlac, my brother!'

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Yes, it was Pega, like an angel of light she appeared in this dreary spot—ah! now, I remember my dream.—Elfrida!

you plunged a dagger in my heart.—Pega! it is you, who seek to heal the wound.—Sweet innocence, great is thy faith!—matchless thy love!”

Tradition records that Guthlac succeeded in clearing the island of its demoniac visitants: if indeed such ever frequented the place; though it is more than probable that his ravings were merely those of a visionary enthusiast. He died at an early age, and Pega did not long survive him; she was buried on the same spot; and Ethelwolf, in compliance with a promise he had made to Guthlac, caused a magnificent abbey to be erected on the spot, to which the remains of the christian hero were removed.

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#### EXTRAORDINARY PRESERVATION FROM SHIPWRECK.

THE remarkable fate of some individuals gives them a claim to notice, which they would never derive from their talents.—The wreck of a packet-boat between Dublin and Holyhead, in 1757, attracted much public attention at that time, in consequence of the passengers being chiefly actors and other public performers, who were engaged at the Dublin Theatre. Among them was the famous Theophilus Cibber, who thus closed a life of imprudence and dissipation. The circumstance is mentioned in Davie's *Life of Garrick*, where notice is also taken of one of his fellow sufferers, who is there called *Maddox, the Straw-man*. Of this person we have the following account in a modern publication.—“In the middle of the last century there was a very celebrated balance-master, named Mattocks or Maddox, who made his appearance at Sadler's Wells. Among other tricks he used to balance a straw with great adroitness, sometimes on one hand, sometimes on the other, and sometimes he would kick it with his foot to a considerable height, and catch it upon his nose, his chin, or his forehead.\*”

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\* *Strutt's Sports and Pastimes of the People of England*, 2nd Edit. 4to. p. 210-

A very singular circumstance attending the loss of the packet was, that the only human being saved was an infant, of the manner of whose preservation and subsequent history a curious account was published, about two years ago, in a Bristol Newspaper, by C. J. Harford, esq. of Stapleton, who met with the individual in question at Moscow. The following is an extract from Mr. Harford's letter to the printer of Felix Farley's Bristol Journal:—

"In the year 1786, I was at Moscow, and met in a large company a Mr. Maddox, who having six horses to his carriage, I knew must have the rank of Brigadier-General. Being introduced as coming from Bristol, he seemed much delighted. "Pray sir," said he, "can you inform me, is St. James's fair still kept? and is old Seward the trumpeter alive?" Much surprised at these questions, I assured him St. James's fair would take place the next Friday, (as it was the last week in August this took place), and I had seen old Seward trumpeting before the Sheriffs in the March preceding. 'And now, Mr. Maddox, allow me to inquire how you could know any thing of St. James's fair, or be interested about old Seward?' 'Sir,' replied Mr. Maddox, 'I am exceedingly pleased with what you tell me; many a time have I acted Punch, and played on the salt-box, in the gallery, at the corner of Silver-street, I think you call it; and Seward is my uncle, who brought me up from a child.' 'By your name, Mr. Maddox,' I replied, 'I suppose you are some relation to the [famous Tom Maddox, the rope-dancer; who, with all his family and troop, (except one infant that floated ashore in the cradle,) were lost, about 1757, in a packet off Holyhead?' 'Mr. Harford, I'm that child! my uncle Seward bred me up; and here you find me Director of the Opera or Theatre, and keeping a Vauxhall at Moscow, to which entertainment I beg you will accept this ticket of admission.' I frequently dined with this extraordinary character, who always spoke with pleasure of St. James's fair."

## LETTERS

ON THE

PROGRESS OF LUXURY AMONG THE LADIES OF ANCIENT ROME,  
With Descriptions of their Costume.

## LETTER I.

LET the readiness, my fair friend, with which I commence the task you have assigned me, that of tracing for you the progress of luxury among the ladies of ancient Rome, convince you of the delight I feel in executing your slightest wishes. Too happy shall I deem myself, if that love of ancient lore, which has so often furnished a subject for your agreeable raillery, should enable me to present you with an amusing and faithful account of the methods which the Roman *belles* pursued to heighten the lustre of their natural charms, as well as to embellish those articles of taste and convenience which they used in the decoration of their persons.

The bath, which of all luxuries is surely the most healthful, was in great use among the Roman ladies. All persons of property had baths in their houses, and it was the custom for a lady to repair to the bath as soon as she arose. When this refreshing operation was over, what might be called the secret business of the toilette began. The body was carefully rubbed with pumice-stone, to polish and soften the skin; this was succeeded by the application of unction and the most delicious perfumes. The height to which this latter article of luxury was carried would appear almost incredible, even to a modern *belle*; the most rare and expensive only were thought worthy of a place at the toilette of women of rank. Criton, physician to the Empress Plotina, gives twenty-five receipts to make different perfumes, the names of which are preserved by Fabricius. We have reason, however, to believe that this is but a small number in comparison to the great variety of scents that were then in use. Several plants, natives of India, were employed in the composition of the most precious; among others, the root of *costus* and the leaves of *spikenard*. The Roman satirists have not failed to reproach their fair countrywomen with their immoderate use of perfumes, and the vast sums which they expended upon them;

though, by-the-bye, the men themselves indulged pretty freely in the use of this luxury; and, perhaps, could the ladies have been heard in their defence, they might have retorted very successfully on their accusers. "Among the odours consecrated by custom to the male toilette," says Martial, "the smell of balm pleases me the most; it belongs only to women to exhale the delicious scent of *côme*, that most exquisite of all the perfumes of Assyria."

When the business of bathing, rubbing, and perfuming the skin was finished, that part of the toilette to which visitors might be admitted, commenced; and here, my dear Maria, you will naturally expect some description of the morning dishabille, which I confess myself unable to give. All that I can tell you is, that a *robe de chambre*, made of either light or warm materials, according to the season, was the common home dress of the Roman gentleman. Suetonius tells us, "That the soldiers of Vitellius, won over by his condescension, and the presents he distributed among them, carried him to the camp in his *robe de chambre*, after having saluted him Emperor. Augustus, according to the same author, was almost always in his *robe de chambre*; and it is even said, that the gowns of this Emperor were generally the work of his wife or his daughter." As the Roman ladies had several articles of dress in common with the men, it is but natural to think that this sort of robe, which can be put off and on with such ease and convenience, should be made use of by them for the purposes of dishabilles; and as luxury and taste had at that time rendered it the custom to ornament even those parts of the dress which were concealed from every eye, we need not, I think, doubt, that the fair Romans took care that a robe in which they frequently received those whom they most desired to captivate, should be ornamented in the most tasteful and expensive style of dishabille.

The first part of a lady's dress which her slaves commenced was the arrangement of her hair. The opinions of the authors vary as to the manner in which she sat while this operation was performing. Some think that she reclined on a couch, others that she was seated upright; and this last opinion appears to me the most consistent with probability, because it is the attitude in which she could most conveniently give herself to the hands of the women employed in attiring her.

When Claudian represents Venus at her toilette, he places her in an erect position, on a brilliant seat, surrounded by the Graces, and often arranging her head-dress with her own lovely hands.

A lady while dressing never lost sight of her looking-glass; but it is a disputed point, whether she held it herself, or whether it was borne for her by one of her slaves. Ovid seems to favour this latter opinion, when he counsels a lover, who is admitted to the toilette of his mistress, to charge himself with the care of holding her mirror. This article so essentially necessary to personal decoration, was the most expensive piece of furniture in the dressing-room of a Roman *belle*; sometimes it was composed of Sidonian glass, sometimes of polished metal, principally silver; the most costly were adorned with beautiful engravings, and even sometimes with precious stones.

Miserable beyond conception was the lot of those slaves employed in the dressing-room of an ugly woman; it was not, as in our days, when a lady contents herself with scolding her women for the fault of her broken glass; the Roman dames manifested their ill-humour more effectually than in words, for it is upon record, that they frequently inflicted manual chastisement upon those slaves who did not dress them to their liking. The dressing-rooms of some ladies, according to Juvenal, was not less formidable to their slaves than the tribunal of the tyrants of Sicily to those unfortunates tried by it. This satirist who let no opportunity slip of looking to the vices and follies of his times, is particularly severe upon the harshness with which his countrywomen treated their slaves, and it is certain that it required no small degree both of taste and activity, to enable the tire-women to escape those bursts of anger and impatience, which their haughty mistresses were in the habit of indulging.

At the first view we cannot help being surprised at the lengths to which the Roman females suffered their anger to carry them; but a little reflection will explain to us the cause of their indulgence in a vice so unfeminine and so unsuitable to the genius of a polished people. Their pride of birth, their habit of witnessing bloodshed in the Circus, and their being accustomed during their infancy to see the most cruel chastisement inflicted on these unfortunates, hat-

dened their hearts, and inspired them with the most profound contempt for their slaves; and as they had no religious sentiments to moderate or repress this culpable feeling, it carried them sometimes to excesses which we cannot contemplate without shuddering. The least impatience of the mistress, the least fault of the slave, was sufficient to cause the latter to be suspended by the hair, and to be lashed severely.

Sometimes it even happened that the lady herself, in the first moments of her anger, fell upon her slave, whom she not only beat, but even severely wounded, by running into her bosom and her arms, the large needles of seven or eight inches long which were then used in dressing the hair. Ovid recommends most particularly to the ladies not to suffer their anger against their slaves to get the better of their patience, when their lovers assisted at their toilet. The Romans, both male and female, were notoriously cruel to their slaves. We find that more than once the Emperors were obliged to interpose their authority in behalf of these unfortunates. Adrian sentenced a Roman lady, named Umbria, to five years' exile, for having treated her female slaves inhumanly. If one could indulge in a belief in the transmigration of souls, I should desire no other punishment for one of these haughty beauties, than to begin her next state of existence in the person of a female slave to a very ugly mistress; a sentiment in which I am sure my gentle Maria, whose heart overflows with the milk of human kindness, will readily join with her ever devoted

BELMONT.

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#### CHINESE WOMEN.

THE idolators of beauty, the Chinese, are for ever at the feet of the beings whom they persecute. When any of their wives are indisposed, *they fasten a silken thread round her wrist, the cord of which is given to the physician*, and it is only by the motion which the pulsation communicates to it, that he is allowed to judge of the state of his patient. This precaution of jealousy is almost unique in its kind.

## THE BOARDING HOUSE;

OR,

Outlines of Character.

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BY DAVID DELINEATE, Esq.

THE death of a relation, who, unexpectedly, bequeathed me a considerable share of her property, occasioned me to go to London soon after I had written my last letter; and, on my return, I found Prospect-house filled with an entirely new set of inmates; two of these, however, I had before known in town, and an honest, hard-working couple they were. An unlooked-for accession of wealth has placed them, like myself, on the list of the genteel and the independent. Yet I hope, that I shall not, like them, so entirely lose sight of my former pursuits and habits, as to render myself ridiculous; at any rate, I think their example will serve to render me more sensible of the folly of attempting to move in a sphere in which I am neither qualified to shine, nor even to make a respectable appearance. Mr. and Mrs. Hugget, after the bequest alluded to, disposed of their business on advantageous terms: and, "having" (as the good lady expresses it) "neither chick nor child to *mislest* them," determined upon "seeing the world and living genteelly." Now as this could only be effected by taking a trip to France, they repaired thither without delay; and after gaping at all that was to be seen for about three weeks, returned by the way of Dieppe, and purpose remaining a short time in this place, which may justly be considered the Versailles of England. The short, and rather ungraceful figure of the lady was so enveloped and disguised by French finery, that I should certainly not have recognized her, had not her husband, fearful I suppose, of raising an injurious report, twitched my arm in no very gentle manner, and whispered, "Why gads, Cuss! *Mr. Liny-wate*, dont you know Sukey? Sukey, my dear, have you forgot our good friend?"—"Oh lawk!" exclaimed Mrs. Hugget, raising her enamelled perspective-glass, "sure enough it is *Mr. d'Liny-wate* the *hartist*, as lodged in our

first floor; what a pleasant *rencontre*, as the French say.”— I was obliged to pay a few compliments in my turn, after which Mr. Hugget requested my advice as to the eligibility of taking a furnished house, or remaining at a tavern. I, thinking it my duty to serve as far as lay in my power those who had been kind and obliging to me, mentioned the comfortable quarters I was in, and recommended them to take up their abode with Mrs. Varnish. “But is the company quite select?” asked Mrs. Hugget, dubiously, “for I am told that there is a queer medley in some of them there boarding-houses.” I assured her that none but respectable characters were admitted, and that she would meet with most agreeable society, which appeared to satisfy her. Mr. Hugget then enquired the terms, which I had no sooner stated, than his wife exclaimed, “Oh, that is a mere *bag and tail*, as they say in France, I am *afraid* we cannot meet with very *helegant commodation* for that money; *owever*, I should like to be in the same *ouse* with our good friend: who, I dare say, will *hintroduce* us to the genteelest amongst them.” Mrs. Hugget, with her natural vivacity and bustle, has made good use of her time since she has been here, and her remarks on the place, both in matter and style, have been highly amusing to our family circle. Having been on the chain-pier this morning, she was asked her opinion of it: “Why, I will tell you,” said she, laughing heartily at her own conceit, “it puts me in mind of the old song, ‘Boys, build a bridge to Dover,’ for it looks for all the world as if the people of Brighton had been trying to build a bridge to France, and were obliged to stop short, because they *couldn’t get no farther*.’ Not but what it is a most delightful place, for one can stand there and have all the fresh sea-breeze round one, without going out in *they* filthy boats that make one sick.” “You must see the new tea-gardens, Mrs. Huggett,” said I, “and I think you will be highly gratified, as they are laid out with great taste and judgment; combining recreations which are adapted to every age, sex, and condition.”—“With all my heart,” cried the accommodating Mrs. Hugget, “the sooner the better.” We accordingly repaired thither the same evening. The good lady was delighted with the place, and as she lolled at her ease in the swing, kept exclaiming, “Well, this beats all their fine gardens abroad; so snug, so comfortable. I

protest, I never enjoyed any thing so much in my life; and then only think what an advantage it is to have one's husband under one's eye, as a body may say; and, while he is enjoying himself at a game of bowls, or billiards, or cricket, to, have a little bit of sociable chat with a friend; and then have him within call to go home with one as soon as one pleases. Ah! this is the place for married folks, or single ones either." These, and such like effusions are the genuine language of nature, and amuse by their simplicity, but when Mrs. Hugget forgets her former self, and affects to treat with contempt those of her early associates who have been less fortunate than herself, she excites our contempt, while her extravagant absurdity in dress, and her Frenchified airs, which she puts on in what she calls genteel company, expose her to frequent and merited ridicule.

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#### THE CONDITION OF THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH WOMEN CONTRASTED.

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It happened, one day, in a mixed company that a dispute arose, whether the laws of France or of England were most favorable to the female sex.

An English gentleman observed, that there could be no doubt that the English women were in a much better situation than the French, for they lived in comparative ease, the laws being so much in their favor, that the charge of their maintenance was thrown upon the men, who were condemned to all the laborious employments; whilst a married woman seemed to be exonerated from business and trouble, as her husband was under the necessity of providing for her support. A French gentleman, Mons. F. who had lived some years in England, said, though that circumstance was very specious, yet it was of no real advantage to the sex, for it placed women in a state of such extreme dependance, as tended to destroy all energy and exertion, and to occasion such a degree of indolence, nay, imbecility of body and mind, that it reduced the value of their labour almost to nothing, in comparison with the price of the labour of the other sex, whilst in France the difference was trifling; so that if wives

were benefited by the English laws, yet considering the number of unmarried girls and widows, the sex upon the whole was in a worse condition than in France.—A French lady, who had but an imperfect knowledge of our language, in which the dialogue was carried on, caught the observation, that a man was obliged to maintain his wife; and now joining in the conversation, remarked, in French, that it must be very agreeable to English ladies to have husbands who were at all the expence of housekeeping, whilst they might spend their own money as they pleased. Mons. F. undertook to explain to Madame H. that an English wife was incapable of possessing any property at all; that whatever devolved to her became immediately at the disposal of her husband; and that she could not spend a single farthing without his authority. Madame H. thought she did not rightly comprehend the business, and therefore stated a case—“Suppose,” said she, “that after I am married, some friend should die, and bequeath me a thousand guineas, without once mentioning my husband’s name; I might then receive them myself, and dispose of them as I chose?” “You are quite mistaken!” replied Mons. F. “your husband would be put in possession of the sum total; and might, if he pleased, spend it on a mistress, lose it at a gaming-table, or leave it by will from you and your children.” “Mon Dieu!” exclaimed the lady, “what wicked laws! why do you talk of English liberty and equality, when one half of the community is left so entirely at the mercy of the other? and for my part, I do not see that a wife is under any great obligation for her maintenance, if she is deprived of her own property, and even of the fruits of her own industry.” “Why,” resumed Mons. F. “I have always been of opinion, that bragging of that indulgence was like drawing one’s teeth, and then making it a favor to feed one with pap.”

“One of our countrymen urged, in reply, that the English enjoyed a greater share of domestic happiness than any other people upon earth; and that so tenacious were both sexes of their present condition relative to each other, that any change would be scouted by the men as invading their prerogatives, and reprobated by the women as intrenching on their privileges; that the property of both being consoli-

dated, and the entire management confided to the husband, was a contrivance which reached the *ne plus ultra* of human wit, for the entire satisfaction and happiness of both parties: and he appealed to his countrywomen then present, which was rather a hazardous experiment, for they were all married women; however they kept a profound silence, except an old lady, who merely said, "That there was no possibility of accounting for the power of custom over common sense and common feeling.—She had heard that in China, when a young lady arrived at years of discretion, she was utterly inconsolable if she found that her nurse had neglected in her infancy to take bones enough out of her feet to completely cripple her; and would never forgive the injury of being left in so inelegant and infeminine a condition as to be able to walk."

Mons. F. resumed the debate, by saying, "That the expedient so extolled by his opponent, appeared to him to be more calculated to produce a separation of interests than a real union of them; for the husband having the absolute direction of the joint stock, might be tempted to the constant exercise of his power, without thinking it necessary to consult his wife, who would, in consequence, dwindle to a mere cypher; and finding herself thus held in no account, she would naturally abstract her thoughts from his concerns, and turn her attention to her own individual interest; considering her husband merely as a banker, to whom all the wealth of the family was entrusted, and that her business would be to obtain the disposal of as much as she could, by any means, get into her hands. This would create a mercenary disposition, and turn all generous love and confidence into a fawning, spaniel-like semblance of affection, that submits to any thing to gain its object."

Our champion rebutted this charge, by assuring his antagonist—"That English husbands always reposed unlimited confidence respecting pecuniary affairs in their wives; and that they, in return, manifested an equal interest in the common welfare."

Mons. F. then gave up that point; but he contended that, on public grounds, it was a great national evil to have property almost exclusively in the hands of one sex, as it left the other a burden on the community, and vitiated the cha-

racter of both, inclining one to insolence and tyranny, and the other to indolence, dissimulation, and despondency. When he was in England, he had often looked with pity on the females of the lower orders of the gentry, as there appeared to him no way for them to support themselves except by prostitution; whilst the meaner classes must depend on the parish for subsistence. "But after all," continued he, "different customs suit different people. The French take their wives for companions, the English choose them for playthings; the French consider them as helpmates, the English consider them as appendages." "Well, sir," cried a gentleman, who had listened with great irritation to the discourse, "well, sir, and the real truth of the case is, they *are* appendages; they were originally designed for such by nature. They were given to us, to soften our manners, to humanize our hearts, to nurse us in sickness, to amuse us in health. They can scarcely be said to have an identity of their own; all their duty consists in their obedience, and all their happiness in contributing to ours. And nature, sir, has fitted them for their situation, for they take pleasure in being thwarted and controlled, and are never so miserable as when they have their own way." "What you have said, sir, is quite unanswerable," returned Mons. F.; and the conversation ended.

MRS. CAREY'S JOURNAL.

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#### SNUFF-TAKING.

EVERY professed, inveterate, and incurable snuff-taker (says Lord Stanhope,) at a moderate computation, takes one pinch in ten minutes. Every pinch, with the *agreeable ceremony* of blowing and wiping the nose, and other incidental circumstances, consumes a minute and a half. One minute and a half out of every ten, allowing sixteen hours to a *snuff-taking day*, amounts to two hours and twenty-four minutes out of every natural day, or one day out of every ten: and this amounts to thirty-six days and a half in a year. Hence if we suppose the practice to be persisted in forty years, *two entire years* of the snuff-taker's life will be dedicated to tickling his nose, and *two more* to blowing it.

## SOME ACCOUNT OF THE ESQUIMAUX

SEEN BY

**Captain Parry,**

DURING THE LATE EXPEDITION TOWARDS THE NORTH POLE.

THE first encounter of our navigators with the *Esquimaux* or *Iskimos*, the native inhabitants of the polar regions, took place in April, 1822, when those people were making their annual migration southwards. On first observing the ships, they advanced hastily towards them in a body of forty or fifty armed with bows and arrows, and uttering a loud shrill shout as they drew near. Behind them were their women and dogs, with canoes and sledges. Capt. Parry and a few of his officers went to meet them, armed, but making intelligible demonstrations of friendship, which dissipated the apprehensions of the savages, and a mutual good understanding took place. The *Iskimos*, like other rude people, were rather inattentive to the rights of property. One of them stole a hatchet and hid it in the snow, for which theft it was thought necessary to flog him. Another, for some trifling theft, was confined in the fore-hold of the *Hecla*, where, after bawling till he had tired himself, he fell asleep. These people appeared to be peaceable and good tempered, and by no means deficient in point of intellect. In the first party which was encountered all seemed to be on an equality; but among the second there was an *Angekoh*, or conjuror, who was looked up to as a person of authority. The miserable tricks by means of which he maintained his influence over his more ignorant companions were ridiculous enough. He was with some difficulty persuaded to give a specimen of his skill in the Captain's cabin of one of the ships. He was accompanied by his wife, and commenced his operations by carefully excluding all light from without. The fire was also covered with a mat. The *Angekoh* then stripped himself naked, and lay down on the floor, pretending that he was about to descend to the region of spirits. His incantations consisted chiefly of inarticulate sounds, slowly uttered in a whining voice; but his chief art probably was

a kind of ventriloquism, by means of which he made his voice resemble that of a person gradually descending beneath the surface of the ground. This farce lasted about twenty minutes, when the conjuror gave an account of his pretended adventures among the spirits, and repeated the intelligence he had received from them. As a voucher for his veracity, he pointed to several stripes of fur, which he said one of the spirits fastened to his skin coat;—and which, in fact, his wife had busily employed herself in sewing on during the performance.—The Iskimos practise no religious worship, and have but very confused notions of a superior Being. Neither their marriages nor funerals are accompanied by religious rites. An Iskimo bespeaks his wife in her childhood, and when she is marriageable she is conveyed to his house, and a feast is given to the friends of both parties. Their funerals consist in the simple inhumation of the corpse. In the summer a slight trench is dug in the ground to receive it; and in the winter it is merely covered over with snow. But their care of the body does not entirely rest here; for a strange superstition prompts them to fancy that, though deprived of life, it is still sensible of oppression, and they therefore cautiously avoid letting stones or any thing heavy rest upon it.—Several of them had two wives, one almost always much older than the other. They seem to be healthy and live long: an instance occurred of an healthy old woman, who was the great grand-mother of a child seven or eight years old. They are not very robust, and their height seldom exceeds five feet and a half. Their complexion is a dingy straw-colour.—The Iskimo huts, built of snow, are curious. They are formed of large square blocks, so arranged as to make a circular structure, covered with a dome, which is finished at the top with a single block of a proper shape, serving the purpose of a key-stone. A hole is left for a window, filled by a flat piece of transparent ice. A raised seat of snow runs all round the interior of the hut, covered with skins of animals, which also serve for beds. Their provisions are cooked over lamps; oil, with pieces of dry moss for wicks, being the only fuel they can use.—Some native habitations, constructed of bone, were seen in the winter of 1822.—The dresses of these savages are made entirely of skins, principally those of the rein-deer.

They attribute the origin of their race to a beneficent female spirit; but they say, Indians, Europeans, and Dogs, all sprung from a wicked female spirit. The Indians seem to be the peculiar objects of their detestation. With the Europeans they were unacquainted till the arrival of the crews of Capt. Parry's vessels.

Like the Greenlanders, they are very skilful in the management of their canoes, which are manufactured of whale-bone covered with skin. In these they pursue fish and fowl, killing them with a spear, about five or six feet long, made of light wood, with which they will strike their prey at the distance of twenty yards. The Iskimos were unwilling to part with one of their boats; the carpenter of the *Hecla* therefore made one to a model, and with materials furnished by these people, which has been brought home by Capt. Lion.—Among the articles manufactured by the Iskimos, of which our navigators have procured specimens, is a kind of bag or reticule, curiously composed of duck's feet, interwoven, of a circular shape, with the toes hanging out in the manner of tassels. Their spectacles also are curious. They consist of a thin piece of wood passing over the forehead, having two narrow horizontal apertures opposite the eyes instead of glasses. A rim of about an inch wide projects from the top, and a string, passing round the head, secures this simple apparatus, which strengthens the sight and protects the eyes from the drifting snow.—The Iskimos carve images of bone, which are very rude and imperfect representations of the human figure. But they likewise make a sort of dolls, dressed in the materials of which their own clothing is made, and these are said to be exact patterns of their peculiar costume. Specimens of these puppets, representing the dresses of Iskimo men and women, have been brought home; and they may be considered as fairly exemplifying the taste and ingenuity of these people; for while they betray a lamentable deficiency of the former quality, it would be unjust to deny that they possess the latter.

## SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

## No. XVI.

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"The rolling worlds around us we survey,  
Th' alternate sovereigns of the night and day;  
View the wide earth adorn'd with hills and woods,  
Rich in her herds, and fertile in her floods:  
Walk through the deep apartments of the main,  
Ascend the air to visit clouds and rain:  
And while we, ravish'd, gaze in Nature's face,  
Remark her order and her motions trace,  
The long coherent chain of things we find  
Leads to a cause Supreme, a wise creating Mind."

BLACKMORE.

THE study of Nature, or the prosecution of researches concerning the multifarious productions of the planet which we inhabit, is an occupation possessing sufficient interest and attraction to prompt to the boldest enterprises. For this the traveller has often been induced to quit his country, and the comforts of literary leisure and calm retirement, and to brave the inconveniences and dangers of the Frigid or the Torrid Zones. Among the cultivators of Science, to whose magnanimous contempt of difficulty and danger we owe some of the most important additions ever made to our stock of intelligence, concerning the state of the globe and the productions between the Tropics, a distinguished place is due to Messrs. Humboldt and Bonpland. These gentlemen traversed various regions of North and South America, from the year 1799 till 1804, exposing themselves to each extreme of temperature, from that of the frozen heights of the Andes, to the sultry heat of the close vallies in the equatorial regions. The immense collection of animal and vegetable specimens which they formed has well rewarded their toils, and gratified the curiosity of admiring Naturalists.—The late northern expeditions, under the command of Capt. Parry and Capt. Franklin, though they have failed in effecting the object for which they were undertaken, yet they have strikingly displayed the love of science, and the undaunted courage of the gentlemen who were engaged in these arduous researches.

But it is not necessary to travel far from home in order to discover the wonders of Nature. She presents to our view

on every side a vast number of beings, whose intimate structure and powers appear more and more surprising, the more accurately they are investigated. Amidst the multiplicity of objects thus offered to our observation some connecting clue is required, to guide us in our enquiries. Schemes of arrangement, however defective, may serve to methodize our knowledge, and enable us to assign to each object its relative degree of importance. Without some plan of classification, Cabinets of Natural History would be confused, and almost useless. The study of this science, therefore, when seriously attempted, should be pursued in a systematic manner. If we take a general view of the face of Nature, as displayed in the animal, vegetable, and mineral productions of the globe, various points of similitude among many of them occur; and throughout the whole, there appears a gradation, from the more trivial and simple, to those which approach nearest to a state of perfection. This *scale of beings*, as it has been styled, is, however, by no means regular and unbroken, but branches forth in various directions; exhibiting coincidences of form and character between objects belonging to widely different classes of beings. Thus, some species of *Fungi* and *Lichens*, though clearly organized substances, and appertaining to the vegetable kingdom, yet bear a much greater resemblance to some mineral bodies than to the trees of the forest, or the cultivated flowers of the garden. *Sensitive Plants* move their leaves when touched, shewing more sensibility than some among the animal creation, though every one must at the first glance perceive that they are vegetables. The Bat has wings, and often takes its flight through the air; but a slight examination of its general form and structure will prove that it belongs to the same class of beings with the mouse and the squirrel.

But of all the mimic creations of organized Nature, there are, perhaps, none more striking than those singular zoophytes called *animal flowers*. They are mentioned by the earlier writers, Aldrovandus and Jonston, who seem to have considered them as vegetables. But, about the middle of the last century, Mr. Hughes, in his *Natural History of Barbadoes*, described them among the productions of that island, and determined their real nature. A more particular account of these equivocal beings was afterwards given in the *Philosq-*

*phical Transactions*\*, by Mr. Ellis.—“The name, animal flower,” he observes, “seems well adapted to it, for the claws or tentacles being disposed in regular circles, and tinged with a variety of bright lively colors, very nearly represent the beautiful petals of some of our most elegant fringed and radiated flowers, such as the carnation, marygold, and anemone. As there are a great variety of species of the animal, so these species differ from each other in their form. The bodies of some of them are hemispherical, others cylindrical, and others shaped like a fig. Their substance likewise differs; for some are stiff and gelatinous, others fleshy and muscular; but they are all capable of altering their shape when they extend their bodies and claws in search of their food. We find them on our rocky coast at low water, fixed in the shallows to some solid substance, by a broad base like a sucker; but they can shift their situation, though their movement is very slow. They have but one opening, which is in the centre of the uppermost part of the animal; round this are placed rows of fleshy claws; this opening is the mouth of the animal, and is capable of great extension. It is amazing to see what large shell-fish some of them can swallow, such as muscles, crabs, &c. When it has sucked out the fish, it throws back the shell through the same passage. Through this opening it also produces its young ones alive, already furnished with little claws; which, as soon as they fix themselves, they begin to extend in search of food. They are found all round the coasts of England; but the coasts of Sussex and Cornwall furnish us with the greatest variety of them. The islands in the West Indies are likewise remarkable for many kinds of them.”

These instances, (among a multitude which might be adduced,) may be sufficient to shew that amidst the works of Nature there is often a surprising similarity among beings, whose characteristic properties require that they should be placed in different classes.—To study Natural History with advantage, attention should be paid to the essential characters of the various objects of the science. The great distinctions of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms of Nature are sufficiently obvious in their grand outlines. Each

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\* Vol. lviii. for the year 1767,—Art. 41.

of these again is divided into separate departments. Thus Zoology, or that branch of Natural History which refers to animals, comprehends among its subdivisions Ornithology, which treats of Birds, and these are distributed into orders, families, genera, and species. Those who would wish to acquire correct notions of this subject may with much advantage make a visit to the British Museum, that great national repository of what is curious and valuable in Nature and art. Stuffed specimens of such birds as are natives of Britain may be there seen, systematically arranged, so as to form an excellent study for the young naturalist, who will also find there specimens of subjects belonging to various departments of Natural History; the contemplation of which may not only promote a disposition to examine the wonders of Nature, but likewise materially assist in gratifying the taste for useful knowledge, which it has been the great object of these Sketches to call forth and encourage. Enough having been said to demonstrate that pleasure and advantage may be derived from the study of Natural History, the writer will here terminate his pleasing task; though with the purpose of possibly recurring to it in some other form.

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#### FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE.

A YOUNG friar at Chaumont, in France, preaching against the indulgence of the passions, exclaimed in the language of Scripture, "the serpent is unchained, we must repel him by force of arms." A female of the congregation, putting her own interpretation on this figure, spread a report, that Bonaparte had returned, and invited her neighbours to drink to the health of the emperor; a circumstance which operated so powerfully on the country people in the neighbourhood, that they drove their cattle to the fairs, and sold them at a price under their value. This female, the account adds, being convicted of this offence, was sentenced by the correctional tribunal of Chaumont, to imprisonment for three months, and a fine of fifty francs.

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REVIEW OF NEW WORKS.

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**FLORA DOMESTICA**, or the Portable Flower-garden; with Directions for the Treatment of Plants, in Pots; and Illustrations from the works of the Poets. 1823. 8vo. pp. 396.

WE have only room at present to recommend this tastefully executed work, as a pleasing and useful companion to such of our female readers, more especially, as are engaged in the cultivation of flowers. They will find in these pages much information not elsewhere easily to be obtained.

**JOURNAL OF A TOUR IN FRANCE**, by Mrs. Carey: London. 8vo. pp. 502.

OF the advantages of foreign travel, we need say nothing: these have been, long since, decided by competent judges; and that which reason approved, fashion has also sanctioned. Every body now travels—and almost every body writes journals, and diaries; so that we who are, by dire necessity, obliged to remain at home, are in no danger of being left in ignorance of what every body else knows. But so multifarious and so unequal in merit are these various productions, that we shudder as we contemplate the calls which are so perpetually made on our time and patience.—When, however, we meet with a work which is really possessed of merit, we feel ourselves like the fainting traveller who passing, wearied and dispirited, through the trackless wilds of an African desert, finds at length some green and verdant spot on which the eye can look with delight, and the mind repose with unmingled satisfaction. Refreshed with its verdure, and inspirited by the view which this casual glance has afforded him of the providence of God, he goes on till fresh difficulties and fresh mitigations disarm him of his fear, and lead him to hope for a successful termination of his perilous pilgrimage. Such are our feelings on closing Mrs. Carey's journal. Our critical labors have rarely introduced to our notice a work, which has afforded us more pleasure or more information. It does honor to the pen by

which it has been written. If the volume does not contain any learned disquisitions, it presents much and varied information, enlivened by many historical and miscellaneous anecdotes. To inexperienced travellers, Mrs. Carey conveys much useful knowledge in a clear and artless manner; and were we about to trace the same route, we know of no manual which we would prefer to her's.

A traveller's journal admits not of artificial arrangement; nor are its contents to be reduced into any critical order. Our remarks will therefore be of a desultory nature also. Having landed at Cherbourg, Mrs. Carey, in company with her husband, and her son, proceeded through Caen to Alençon. Here our travellers witnessed a sight which, for the honor of England, we are happy to know is not confined to Alençon. Having entered the church during vespers, Mrs. Carey states, "the people who were just returning from their work, all entered with their scythes and rakes over their shoulders, and falling on their knees, joined in the service. There is," adds our author, "something solemn and affecting in the sight of a multitude thus assembling, at the close of day, when their labor is finished, to offer publicly their prayers and thanksgivings to their Creator before they retire to rest." A similar sight it has happened to ourselves frequently to witness in many a retired village of our own country, when a living prelate has dispensed the word of life to an humble peasantry.—Such conduct does honor to the mitre, and proclaims the prelate the true minister of that Saviour who came to preach the gospel to the poor.

With Mrs. Carey's observations generally, we heartily coincide. Those (pages 29, 30,) on the difference of conduct and feeling between our own country and France, are worthy of serious attention; we confess we deeply lament that the contrast is so little favourable to ourselves.

This volume abounds with passages descriptive of the scenery and surrounding country through which our travellers passed, and we are enabled to say the description is as faithful as it is well written. Among the most prominently excellent passages of this kind we reckon that which details the descent on the Rhone from Lyons to Avignon (p. 76—92,) and which we shall take some future opportunity of bringing before our readers.

It is one of the excellencies of this volume, that not only are its facts and descriptions accurate, it also displays a sound and vigorous mind, with a correct judgment both of men and things. Mrs. Carey has been no inattentive observer of human nature; she reasons accurately, and discriminates with precision. We shall reserve the proof of our opinion to a future number, having marked several passages well worthy of being extracted, but which would unduly swell our Review, were we now to quote them\*.

In closing for the present our notice of Mrs. Carey's Journal, we offer her our acknowledgments for the pleasure which its perusal has afforded us; we shall ourselves often consult her interesting pages, and, if our testimony have any weight, we most cordially bear it in favor of a work, in which correct and interesting information is conveyed in language, at once neat, perspicuous, and unaffected.

**FORGET ME NOT; a Christmas and New-Year's Present for 1824.** Ackerman. 12mo. pp. 390, with 12 plates.

MR. ACKERMAN'S annual *Remembrancer* was published for the first time last year†; and we are happy to learn from the advertisement prefixed to the volume before us, that the approbation of the public has been evinced by an extensive demand for the work. The table of contents to this miscellany affords sufficient variety. Among the poetical contributors are Montgomery and Bernard Barton; and two of the prose pieces are from the pen of Kotzebue. The graphic embellishments have various degrees of merit. Some of them are positively bad; others are highly deserving of praise; especially the interior view of the Princess Charlotte's Mausoleum, at Claremont, which is very beautiful.

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\* We conceive we shall gratify our readers by these extracts; and, should we not be mistaken in our opinion, we may probably follow up these, by devoting to the beauties of modern literature, a few pages occasionally.—Such a plan we conceive eligible on various accounts; and if our friends approve our design, we shall be obliged by any contributions in furtherance of our plan which their reading may supply.

† See Monthly Museum. Vol. xvii. p. 36.

**FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING, or the ANNUAL REMEMBRANCER; a Christmas Present, or New Year's Gift, for 1824.** 12mo. pp. 222.

THE success of the work which is the subject of the preceding article, appears to have prompted the publication of this little volume; which we are told, in the Preface, is "intended to compete with those elegant productions of continental taste which are such established favorites in the countries where they originated."

"Friendship's Offering," is embellished with six views of "the most interesting European cities, &c." It contains descriptive accounts of those places, a tale by Mrs. Opie, several poems from the same pen, with other amusing pieces; besides the music of a song and two quadrilles. From this bill of fare, it will appear that the publisher has studied to produce variety of entertainment; and, we think, not without success.

**ITALIAN STORIES.** Translated by Miss Holford. London. 1823. 12mo. pp. 188.

THE lady to whom the English reader is indebted for this volume of "Stories," obtained several years ago, some distinction in the literary world, by the publication of a romantic poem in the style of Sir Walter Scott, intitled "Wallace, or the Fight of Falkirk." A second production of her pen, called "Margaret of Anjou," was not calculated to add to the laurels she had previously gained. She has now undertaken the humbler task of forming a collection of extracts from the works of some of the Italian chroniclers. The chief merit of this compilation consists in the historical accuracy of the narratives, which, however, are the less interesting as they relate principally to well known events. The tragic story of the Cenci family, so strikingly dramatized by the late Mr. Shelly, is the first in the volume. The subjects of the other tales are Masaniello, Cesar Borgia, Count Ugolino, the Pazzi Conspiracy, and Catherina Canacci. The heroine of the last of these stories becomes the victim of jealousy. Catherina, the wife of Count Canacci, having been discovered by the Duchess Salviati to be the object of her husband's guilty passion, the injured wife resolves to take a severe and ex-

emplary vengeance. She persuades the sons of the Count by a former wife, to wipe off the stain which the gallantries of their step-mother had cast upon their family, by assisting in her assassination. After some hesitation one of the youths agrees to give admission to the murderers employed by the jealous Duchess; who completed her revenge by an action more brutal and disgusting, if possible, than the destruction of her rival.

"Arrived in the chamber of the ill-fated Catherina, these merciless butchers, regardless of the most piercing cries and affecting entreaties, barbarously murdered her; and that there might be no witness of this scene of horror, her maid partook the miserable doom of that mistress, of whose vices she had probably been the partaker and instrument.

"Having done the deed, the assassins cut in small pieces the bodies of the two women, and, silently carrying forth their horrible burden, cast them into a pit which existed in the quarter of the Via Pentolini. They preserved, however, the head of the wretched Canacci, which they bore to the Duchess, to satisfy that vindictive lady that this fatal tragedy was exactly accomplished, and that her sanguinary desires had been confided to faithful executors.

"It was a custom with the Duchess to send early in the morning on festival days, by one of her ladies, a silver bason to the Duke, covered with a napkin and containing the linen he would use for the day. Now, on the morning of the first of January, she sent him the bason as usual, but its contents were of a far different nature. The Duke, having received the bason and dismissed the messenger with a courteous message to his wife, presently rose; and having with a careless hand and unsuspecting heart, withdrawn the napkin, his eyes encountered the ghastly present which a fiend in female form had prepared for him. For some moments, with the napkin uplifted in his hand, he stood as if rooted to the spot, his icy glance riveted to the grisly object before him. Those glassy extinguished eyes had but a few hours ago returned his impassioned gaze with playful tenderness; those lately blooming dimpled cheeks were shaded by the wan cadaverous hue of death; and the lips, whose beauty was ever animated by the most playful smiles, now exhibited all the distortion of her last hideous struggle; her bright luxuriant tresses had

already assumed a dusky hue; and the horrid hands of the executioners had defiled them with gory stains. As if some irresistible spell had chained him to the floor, he stood motionless, his keen and pointed glances anchoring themselves on this most dismal object, till awakening somewhat from the horror which seemed to stiffen his limbs and freeze his senses, shuddering to the centre, he let fall the napkin and looked no more on that which, contemplated longer, would have made him mad.

"The murderers are detected and executed; the Duchess dies."

The greatest objection to this publication is the unmitigated horror of the narratives which it contains. The execution of the work may be termed respectable; though there are some inaccuracies of composition hardly excusable in a writer who does not appear, for the first time, before the public.

**THE HERMIT IN PRISON;** translated from the French of E. Jouy, Member of the Institute, and Author of the *Hermit of the Chaussée d'Antin*, *Sylla*, &c. and *A Jay*. 2 vols. 1823. 12mo. pp. 261, 252.

M. JOUY is well known to those who are at all acquainted with modern French literature, as the author of several works on the plan of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*. The first and best of these productions was the "*Hermit of the Chaussée d'Antin*." All of them, we believe, have made their appearance in an English dress; and the *Essays* before us, published very lately in France, may now be added to the list of these translations.

These volumes owe their origin to the imprisonment of the writers, who were the joint-conductors of a periodical work, in which some expression was used which led to a criminal prosecution and ultimate confinement in the prison of St. Pelagie.

"Here am I then, seated on my little bed, and gazing idly round me; my ideas gradually recovering themselves, and resuming their usual order in my head. Yes, yes, I remember, I did come into St. Pelagie last night, under a sentence of the Royal Court, which condemned me to a fine and imprisonment, for having said, that in 1815 the times were not the same as in 1793.

“ ‘ J'avais tort, soit; la chose est par trop claire,  
Et la prison a prouvé cette affaire.’ ”

“ And was this an offence worth occupying such an august areopagus for five long days? Honour, which has taken refuge in the conscience of the magistrates (as the Keeper of the Seals wittily observed), has explained the words, ‘ *Times were changed.*’ The Advocate General lavished the flowers and the thunders of his eloquence to point out all their subtlety and perfidy. I said, ‘ *the times were changed,*’ and they contended that I meant to say that they were the same and even worse.—‘ Why,’ said my distinguished advocate, ‘ the poor man did not mean any thing malicious by the expression. He knew, as well as any academician, its meaning, and gave to the words and figures the same signification which they bear in the Dictionary; 1815 was no longer 1793: that is what he said, what he thought, and what will seem to him indisputable, until you shall have decided otherwise.’ ”

“ An inferior tribunal has so decided, and the decision has been confirmed by a decree of the Royal Court.”

The prison lucubrations of the Hermit extend to thirty papers, of various degrees of merit, distinguished by the initials of their respective authors. Most of them relate to persons whom the writers encountered during their confinement, or to circumstances connected with their detention. Among several interesting anecdotes which occur, we select the following to lay before our readers.

“ If the strong personal resemblance between brothers has frequently given rise to fatal mistakes, it has likewise afforded examples of the most heroic devotion. The two brothers Montain, both of them distinguished physicians, practised their art at Lyons, where they acquired the esteem and friendship of their fellow citizens,—when, in the year 1815, all who had the spirit of Frenchmen in that city, united to oppose a national defence to the torrent of armed foes, Doctor Montain, senior, was compromised in a charge of conspiracy, and sentenced to five years’ imprisonment. He had already passed more than a year in one of the unhealthy prisons of Lyons, and contracted such painful diseases, as obtained for him the permission of being transferred to Paris, and of passing in Sainte-Pelagie the remainder of his

sentence. On quitting the dungeons of Lyons, he had so completely lost the use of his limbs, as to be unable to move except with the aid of crutches. His brother accompanied him on his journey, which protracted it considerably, as the *gend'armes* were not able to travel more than three or four leagues a day. The air and exercise were, however, of the greatest service to the invalid. On their arrival at Paris, Doctor Montain was locked up in Sainte-Pélagie; the brothers tenderly embraced each other, and then separated. A week had passed away when the prisoner received a letter, informing him that his brother was safe in one of the towns of Belgium. He instantly demanded to be brought before the Attorney General, who visited him in prison. He, Doctor Montain, complained that he was kept in confinement illegally and arbitrarily, since it was his brother, and not himself, who had been condemned at Lyons. An inquiry was immediately instituted, and it appeared that the younger brother had found means, during the journey, to substitute himself for the elder, and had been imprisoned in Sainte-Pélagie in the place of him who had been condemned by the decree. There was no law in the Criminal Code which applied to this generous action, and the two brothers were thus restored to liberty."

The translation is tolerably correct; though it appears to have been hastily executed; as might indeed be inferred, from the fact that the French verses, scattered through the Essays, are uniformly left untranslated.

HAUBERK HALL, a Series of Facts. By Henry Brebner. In 2 vols. 1823. 12mo. pp. 295, 276.

THIS work is presented to the public as a "*tale of real life*," which contains "no deviation from truth, except some trifling anachronisms." The story however, whether true or false, is improbable; and, as a novel, it can boast of no superiority over the numerous productions of the same kind daily issuing from the press.

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Intelligence relative to Literature and the Arts.

A GENTLEMAN of eminence in the literary world, is reported to be engaged in writing the Life of George Stevens, the editor of Shakespeare.

LORD BYRON.—It may be mentioned, as a somewhat singular and unexpected circumstance, that the sheets of the first edition of *Don Juan* have been used to line the covers of the last number of the Quarterly Review.

ROBERT BURNS.—The widow of Burns lately made a visit to Carlisle, having with her a grand-daughter just landed from the East Indies, where the child's father is in the Company's service. The old lady, who is more than sixty years of age, appears to enjoy extremely good health and spirits.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.—The original copies of this great Lexicographer's Letters to Mrs. Piozzi, most of which have been published, were, a short time since, offered for sale at Manchester, by Mr. Broster of Chester. Two of them were sold by auction for a guinea each, and two for ten shillings; the rest were reserved for sale by private contract. A padlock which had belonged to the Doctor sold for three shillings and sixpence; and the Grant of the Freedom of Aberdeen, which was presented to him when travelling in Scotland, was purchased for one pound five shillings.

LAURENCE STERNE.—The apartment in Dessein's-hotel at Calais, in which Sterne is said to have written his celebrated *Sentimental Journey*, remains in its original state; and there is on the door the inscription:

"THIS IS STERNE'S ROOM."

GAS LIGHTS.—From the Bombay gazette of April 16th, it appears that gas has been employed for lighting shops, at Calcutta.

EXPEDITION TO EXPLORE THE COURSE OF THE NIGER —Dr. Oudenay, Major Denham, and Lieut. Clapperton, who set off from this country under the authority of Government, in 1821, to trace the mysterious course of the river Niger, arrived at Bornou, in central Africa, last February, and met with a favorable reception from the Prince who governs that kingdom. Dr. O. is to remain at Bornou, as British Vice-consul, while his companions prosecute their plans of discovery.

THE Author of *Waverly*, with his accustomed industry, is about to bring forth a new novel. It will be intitled "*Saint Ronan's Well*;" and is announced for speedy publication,

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EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS,  
FOR NOVEMBER, 1823.

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THE improvements made at the Castle and at the Lodge in the Park, for the accommodation and convenience of His Majesty and his attendants, are very gratifying to the inhabitants of Windsor, as they expect that the King will, in future, frequently reside in their vicinity, where he at present continues. Among other novel arrangements, it is stated, that the members of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners, (whose situations have long been mere sinecures,) have received orders to hold themselves in readiness to resume the duties of their office, as attendants on His Majesty, in regular rotation. The King, it is expected, will shortly honor the theatres of Drury-lane and Covent-garden with his presence; after which he will visit Brighton.

A proclamation has just been issued, directing a further prorogation of Parliament to the 3d of February next, then to assemble for the dispatch of business. This arrangement was hastily determined on in Council; it having been previously intended to prorogue the Parliament from the 25th inst. to the beginning of January.

It has been asserted, that a proposition has been made to our government, for submitting all discussions relative to Spanish America to the decision of a General Congress of European princes. Whether or not this intelligence is correct, it may be presumed, from the augmentation of the army, and the naval preparations now on foot, that Ministers are apprehensive of the possibility of becoming embroiled with some continental power.

FOREIGN TRANSACTIONS.—A change has taken place in the French Ministry. Marshal Victor has been obliged to retire from the office of Minister at War, and has been sent Ambassador to Vienna. He is succeeded by Count Damas, who, it is supposed, will hold the office only till the return of General Guillemot from Spain. This occurrence is attributed to the influence of the Duke d'Angouleme, with whom Victor is no favorite. The King of France has suf-

ferred an alarming attack of the gout in the stomach; and appears to be in a very precarious state of health.

Continued success attends the cause of the Royalists in Spain. Badajoz was taken on the 29th of October, and Barcelona on the 4th of November. Hostalrich and Tarragona were not expected to hold out beyond the 5th or 6th. A dispatch from Gen. Guillemot announced that, in Estremadura, all the insurgent leaders, except the Empecinado, had tendered their submission. The Grandees of Spain have presented to the Duke d'Angouleme a flattering address of congratulation on his victorious career.—The Constitutional General Riego has been executed at Madrid, (as we are told,) amidst the execrations of the populace.—As far as can be judged from the present state of affairs, Spain seems to be gradually approaching to a state of tranquillity.

The concluding part of the present month has been fixed on, as the period when the projected marriage will take place between the eldest son of the King of Prussia and the daughter of the King of Bavaria.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.—The public attention has been occupied during the past month, by the details of the murder of Mr. Weare, of Lyons Inn; the inquiries into which have led to the apprehension of three persons, John Thurtell, Joseph Hunt, and William Probert, as the perpetrators of this shocking deed; and of several others, supposed to be more or less implicated in their guilt.—On the 24th of October, Mr. Weare left London, in a gig, in company with John Thurtell, with whom he was previously acquainted. The same evening the latter arrived at Gill's Hill cottage, near Elstree, in Hertfordshire, without his companion, who was never afterwards seen alive. The cottage was occupied by Probert, who, together with Hunt, set off from London, in another gig, soon after the departure of Thurtell. The firing of a pistol, heard by persons passing along the road near Gill's Hill, on the evening of the 24th of October, and the discovery of the pistol and a bloody pen-knife, by some labourers in Gill's Hill Lane, the next morning, with other circumstances, tending to attach suspicion to the occupier of Gill's Hill cottage, and his two visitors, Thurtell and Hunt, they were all three arrested a few days afterwards, together with the brother of Thurtell. Search having been made in vain for the body of the murdered person,

Hunt voluntarily offered to become evidence against his supposed companions in guilt. He accordingly stated that John Thurtell had alone committed the crime, but acknowledged that Probert and himself had afterwards assisted in conveying the body of the deceased from the lane, where he was killed, to a pond in Probert's garden, whence, a few nights after they removed it to another pond near Elstree; on searching which it was discovered and identified. A coroner's jury being assembled, they returned a verdict of wilful murder against John Thurtell as a principal, and against Hunt and Probert as accessaries before the fact. They were accordingly committed for trial to Hertford goal, where they still remain. The rank in life of the persons accused of this horrid crime heightens the public detestation. John and Thomas Thurtell were about to be prosecuted, for obtaining a sum of money on insurance of premises in Watling Street, which they were charged with setting on fire. They are the sons of a very respectable gentleman, an alderman of the city of Norwich.—Probert had failed in business as a wine-merchant; and had not long since applied to be released from prison under the Insolvent Act. Hunt formerly kept a coffee-house,—and is a professional singer. Weare, the murdered man, appears to have supported himself by play; having been concerned in many gambling transactions, in some of which Thurtell was his associate. The hope of obtaining a large sum of money, which he was believed to have carried about with him, is supposed to have prompted his destruction.

Two cases of attempted assassination, by females, have lately occurred.—In the first instance, a young lady, who lived under the protection of a gentleman named Watson, called on Mr. Gaussen of the Temple, and after expostulating on his endeavouring to persuade her friend to leave her, suddenly drew a pistol from her muff and fired it: Mr. Gaussen having seized hold of her wrist fortunately received no injury. The lady was taken into custody, and on her appearance before the magistrates at Guildhall, it being supposed that her intention was only to intimidate, and that the pistol was not loaded with ball, she was suffered to depart, on her promise not to molest Mr. Gaussen again.—Subsequent examination proved that a ball had been fired from the pistol; but no further proceedings were instituted against the lady.—In the other case, a young

woman, named Frances Taylor, having been disappointed by a person named Arnold, (shopman to Mr. Sentence in the Borough,) to whom she expected to be married, went into the shop where he was sitting at a desk, on the evening of the 7th, and fired at him a pistol loaded with small shot. Arnold was badly, but not dangerously, wounded in the face. On the next day, Miss Taylor was examined at Union Hall, and afterwards committed to Horsemonger-lane gaol. She has since manifested symptoms of insanity, and has been so ill as to be unable to rise from her bed.—She was one of the females employed at the extensive hat-manufactory of Messrs. Christie, in Bermondsey-street.

An interesting trial lately took place in the Court of Common Pleas, in which a Schoolmaster in Yorkshire, who undertook to board, lodge, clothe, and educate boys for £20 a year, was the defendant. The plaintiff was a person in London, whose son had lost the sight of both eyes, in consequence of the alleged neglect of the schoolmaster.—The Jury, after an hour's deliberation, returned a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages, £300.



## THE DRAMA.

### DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

PERHAPS the most attractive novelty produced here this season has been the new grand Eastern Spectacle, called the "Cataract of the Ganges, or the Rajah's Daughter." So far as relates to scenery and machinery, this piece possesses uncommon merit, and it may be safely put in competition with any of the most splendid spectacles displayed at the rival theatre. The scene in which the heroine, Miss L. Kelly, rides up the cataract has excited particular attention; and led to news-

paper discussions, as to the question whether this young lady performs the daring feat in person or by deputy. Not having been admitted behind the scenes, we shall not attempt to decide this very important question.—A tragedy, intitled "*Caius Gracchus*," from the pen of Mr. Knowles, the author of *Virginus*, has been recently performed at this Theatre; upon which we have not room, at present, for any remarks.

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#### COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

FARQUHAR'S comedy, *The Inconstant*, has been revived at this theatre; and a new ballet produced, in which, Mr. Venafra, from the theatre of San Carlos, at Lisbon, made his first appearance.—The only dramatic novelty to be noticed is a piece called "*The Ferry of the Guiers*." The story of which details the adventures of a French nobleman, and his family; who, in escaping from the wrath of the revolutionary government, encounter many difficulties at the last stage before they leave France. This place is the *Ferry*, from which the drama takes its name.—The performers in vain exerted themselves, to save this production from the condemnation which it deserved.

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#### THE SURREY THEATRE.

AN exhibition has lately taken place here highly deserving of reprobation. Taking advantage of the strong public interest which has been excited by the shocking murder of Mr. Weare, the proprietors of the Surrey, have brought forward a piece, intitled "*The Gamblers*," which is, in fact, a dramatic representation of the horrid occurrence just mentioned. Crowds flocked to the theatre, to view this very exceptional performance; the continued repetition of which has been interdicted, in consequence of an application to the Court of King's Bench.





*Fashionable Promenade & Evening Dresses for Ladies*  
*Invented by Miss Pierpoint Edward Street Portman Square.*

*Sold Dec. 1853, by Deane & Munro, Trenchardville Street.*

THE  
MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR DECEMBER, 1823.

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PROMENADE DRESS.

A PARISIAN promenade dress pelisse, composed of crimson colored lutestring, ornamented down the front with narrow layers of wadded sarsenet; the bottom is finished with a deep flouncing of Chinchilly fur; the same round the collar and cuffs. Bonnet of black silk velvet, bound round the edge with color corresponding with the pelisse, and lined with white fluted blond: the whole completed by a superb plume of black feathers drooping over the front: gloves of pale straw-color.

EVENING DRESS.

A FROCK of tulle over a white satin slip; the bottom of the skirt is ornamented with a broad raised hem, surmounted by a very broad wadded tuck most tastefully crossed by straps of the same, with narrow satin pipings surrounding each, and terminating in long narrow leaves; each leaf taking an oblique direction: between these leaves are clusters of elegant flowers, consisting of the heath-bell, and mountain-daisy.—The body is of the same materials as the skirt, and is enriched by a satin trimming, slightly corresponding with the border of the dress. The short sleeves are of a similar style, and completed round the arm by bands of satin.

The hair is most elegantly arranged in full curls, intermixed with heath-bells, and surmounted by a full plume of white ostrich feathers suspended over the right shoulder. Ornaments of ruby: a small ivory fan. White kid gloves and white satin shoes.

These elegant dresses were invented by Miss PIERPOINT, No. 12, Edward-street, Portman-square.

## GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

THE cold weather having this season commenced at an unusually early period, autumnal dresses are in a great measure laid aside, and give place to those more suitable to the approach of winter.

Pelisses of crimson *Gros de Naples*, wadded, and lined throughout with gold colored sarcenet, are greatly admired, either for carriage or walking dresses: they are simply finished round the border of the skirt with treble rows of puffings confined with rich silk cordings. The bust is ornamented with a smaller trimming, terminating over the tops of the sleeves: the collar is high, and confined with a handsome silk cord and tassel.

Bracelets are much worn in carriages over pelisses, and are placed high above the wrist. Cachemere shawls, in every diversity of pattern, are worn over walking dresses, and even Angolas, of a beautiful silken texture, have made their appearance. Furs are now becoming very general; and silk pelisses are invariably trimmed with ermine, sable, or grey squirrel; this last article is expected to become much in fashion this winter. Muffs and fur tippets have likewise partially made their appearance.

The bonnets are of a very elegant shape and moderate size. Leghorn is still in favour for walking; but the flowers, with which they are ornamented, are of a rich and wintry hue. Veils are in great demand, but they generally hang in a sort of drapery over the left side: they are most frequently seen on hats or bonnets that are not ornamented with plumage. Bonnets of black satin, nearly covered with a variety of beautiful flowers, of all manner of colours, have made their appearance, and from their richness are expected to become very fashionable this winter. Several velvet-bonnets have already been seen; they are a little larger than those worn at present, and are adorned with a profusion of black ostrich feathers; others are decorated with trimmings of

the same material, intermixed with gold-colored gauze ribands.

Dresses of *Gros de Naples*, are trimmed in a great variety of ways, viz. with separate French tucks; *rouleaux* entwined together in the most curious manner; or with two narrow flounces of the same material as the dress. We have lately seen a very beautiful dress for home costume, worn by a lady of quality; the ground was of Spanish brown, figured over with small sprigs of the most lively colors: it was ornamented round the border with *wadded rouleaux*, set on separately, and headed by narrow wrought pink silk trimming, the *rouleaux* were fastened together by a cluster of leaves on the right side, edged with pink: the sleeves were long, and the cuffs carried a considerable way up the arm, and formed of narrow straps; the body was finished and ornamented with pink silk wrought cordon.

Walking dresses are of *Gros de Naples*, or Levantine, with four or five French *rouleaux*, each headed with a novel trimming, beautifully wrought, and of a color strikingly different to the dress. Some ladies have the *rouleaux* placed very distant from each other; or prefer two narrow flounces divided by a tasteful ornament. Evening dresses are of Cyprus gauze, either crimson or amber, worn over white satin slips; they are trimmed round the border with three rows of French puffing. A white satin corsage, trimmed with blond, and short full sleeves, of the same material as the dress, finish the robe. Dresses, of Urling's lace, over white satin, rose-colour, or celestial blue, are in great estimation for full dress evening parties; they are made low, with the sleeves very short.—Ball dresses are of white Levantine, or *Gros de Naples*, richly ornamented with white gauze and bugles, or with flowers. Lace and figured tulle are also greatly admired as ball dresses.

For head-dresses, turbans, toques, and caps, are worn in endless variety, every lady wearing that which is most adapted to her dress. The caps for half-dress are ornamented with flowers, but by no means profusely. Turbans of colored gauze, in a diversity of patterns, with figured satin, adorn the heads of married ladies in home costume. Toques for full dress parties are of white satin; or of white gauze and

silver lama. Plumes of white feathers are considered the most elegant ornament for such head-dresses. Polished steel and gold combs are now seldom worn.

The favorite ornament in jewellery is the butterfly brooch, of *fillagree* gold, with spots of turquoise-stones: the chaplet brooch is also an elegant novelty; it is formed of fine pink topazes; the foliage represents oak-leaves, and these are wrought in the most exquisite manner. The jewels on rings are splendidly set with a pearl edge, and the gold encircling the finger, is beautifully chased with Mogul characters. Two rows of very large pearls constitute the most fashionable necklace. The favorite ear-ring is the Isis pendant, formed of pure gold, and ornamented with small Egyptian hieroglyphics, exquisitely wrought.

The most fashionable colors are pink, amber, crimson, celestial blue, and Tyrian purple.

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#### THE PARISIAN TOILET.

CACHEMERE shawls now form the principal feature in the walking dresses of the Parisian belles: they are of rich and striking colors, with broad borders, variegated in the most beautiful style. Silk pelisses having as yet nothing new in their form, except that the waist is made shorter, and well calculated to set off the attraction of a good shape; being simple in its construction, and the bust free from that profusion of fringe which formerly disfigured it. Wadded *rouleaux* are a favorite ornament round the borders of dresses.

If we may judge from the early period at which the frost has set in, the ensuing winter will, in all probability, be a severe one: the basins in the gardens of the Thuilleries were completely frozen over on the 15th of last month; a circumstance almost unprecedented, and which has occasioned a speedy change in the dresses of the fair sex. Velvets in consequence have already made their appearance; together with furs, muffs, and tippets, in all their variety.

Bonnets of white *Gros de Naples* were very general at the commencement of the month, but these are now rapidly giving place to the velvet, of black and purple colors, profusely adorned with winter flowers. Leghorn is now completely thrown aside.

Merino dresses, and Lyonesse silks with satin stripes, are much in favor. A dress for evening parties, of white *Gros de Naples*, is much admired: the border is encircled with five full *rouleaux*, placed at equal distances; and on the right side are five rosettes of satin, set in bias. The waist is of moderate length; the sleeves short and very full, and puffed out in two divisions, encircled and confined by satin bands. A row of full plaits encircles the bust next the tucker, confined by narrow bands of satin, forming a third row of puffings on the top of the sleeve: a rosette of satin terminates the ornament in front of the bust. The borders of dresses are generally made very plain; a sash of broad riband, the color of the dress, confines the waist, and ties behind in a full bow.

The most fashionable head-dresses for married ladies are turban toques of satin, or richly figured gauze. Young ladies wear wreaths of flowers richly grouped together, forming a diadem in front. There are different ways of making up these wreaths, according to the form and expression of the countenance.

The favorite articles in jewellery consist of diamonds, topazes, and rubies. Bracelets are worn over the gloves at evening parties: the clasp is formed of ruby, surrounded with gold filagree work, on each of which is a very small blossom of the favorite flower *Forget me not*, composed of turquoise stones.

The prevailing colors are crimson, light flame-color, ponceau, cerulian blue, and violet.

THE  
APOLLONIAN WREATH.



ROSAVIEVE.

SAY, whose is the grave where the sad willows wave,  
And primroses on it are blooming?  
'Tis a well belov'd youth's, who was famed for his truth,  
Whose breast the green sod is entombing.

And who is the maid, who so often has stray'd  
To the tomb, there in sorrow reclining?  
No smile her face cheers, but she's ever in tears,  
At her griefs and her sorrows repining.

Her bright raven hair, o'er her forehead so fair,  
In negligent ringlets is straying;  
And imparts a sweet grace to her beautiful face,  
While for death the poor maiden is praying.

Her dark hazel eyes are turn'd to the skies,  
The pity of heav'n imploring;  
And her sad pallid cheek all the agony speaks,  
Of a heart in despair, yet adoring.

Fair Rosavieve's face in the picture I trace,  
Her's are sorrows that admit no relief,  
On her cheek does no rose its soft beauty disclose,  
It is blanch'd with the pale hue of sad grief!

Not so bright are the streaks, when morning first breaks,  
As the tint on her cheek *once* was glowing,  
And nought could beguile like sweet Rosavieve's smile,  
Such a charm o'er her features bestowing.

In her bosom her love with existence was wove,  
For Julian, her friend and her lover,  
And bliss o'er her head its delights seemed to shed,  
And contentment around her to hover.

And oft while a tear, in her eye would appear,  
Which unbidden in tenderness flow'd,  
The blush on her cheek would his influence speak,  
While with modesty's crimson it glow'd.

No sorrow she knew, her lov'd Julian was true,  
For she was his heart's dearest treasure:  
Their parents approv'd their reciprocal love,  
And talk'd of their union with pleasure.

Ah! what could alloy their delight and their joy,  
When love did such blessings bestow?  
Alas! it was check'd, and their happiness wreck'd,  
On the quicksands of sorrow and woe!

For the cold hand of death rob'd her Julian of breath,  
On the morning that made her a bride,  
And none from her love could entice her to move,  
She continued to watch by his side.

"Since no one could save my belov'd from the grave,  
She exclaim'd, "round his relics I'll hover;  
"And oh! may my doom be fix'd in thy tomb,  
"My husband, my friend, and my lover!"

And ah! very soon, by the light of the moon,  
Fair Rosavieve's form will be here,  
To pass the sad hours in strewing with flowers  
The spot to her bosom most dear.

See, there is the maid, all in white she's array'd,  
Her slight form to her Maker is bending;  
Resign'd to her God, she sinks on the sod,  
Her pure spirit to heaven ascending!

LOVISA.

TO ———.

If 'mid thy hours of solitude,  
A thought of *one* should e'er intrude,  
Who ever thinks on thee;  
If sincerity and truth should blend  
Their rays, and with that form attend,  
Oh, then remember me.

But if that form should be arrayed  
In smooth deceit, or schemes deep laid,  
And so appear before thee,  
Banish the image from thy breast,  
Let it not there remain a guest,  
And think not then of me.

For truth and virtue guard this heart,  
Nor shall they from it e'er depart,  
Till death shall set it free:  
For though it oft with grief is tried,  
It still will in his name confide,  
Who will not turn from me.

The bliss of Paradise was marr'd,  
By the same spirit that debarr'd  
Our hearts from unity;  
But should a thought e'er intervene,  
Of happy hours that *once have been*,  
You then will think of me.

Though fairer forms, and gifted mind,  
With thy lov'd thoughts be intertwined,  
Such as I'd wish to be;  
I will not envy them the share,  
For nought but goodness will dwell there,  
But yet—remember me.

As turns the Sun-flower to that light,  
Which dissipates the shades of night,  
This heart still turns to thee:  
If happiness again appears,  
Still with the beam of former years,  
Wilt thou then look on me?

Or dost thou wish to break the chain,  
Ne'er to be riveted again,  
Dost *thou* wish to be free?  
No! Hope still points to happier times,  
If not on Earth, on those bright climes,  
Where thou'lt remember me.

And when to heaven thou breath'st the prayer,  
Incense that's wafted high in air,  
And will accepted be;  
Oh! when those offerings ascend,  
Invoke a blessing on thy Friend,  
And then—remember me.

## A MOTHER'S REFLECTION ON THE DEATH OF HER INFANT.

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MAY a mother speak her sadness,  
Tell the sickening tale of woe,  
Which has quench'd the spark of gladness,  
Fond affection taught to glow?

Oh! the stroke was unexpected,  
Called my hapless babe away,  
Scarcely was the worm detected—  
Ere the bud went to decay!

Faintly plays my glimmering taper,  
Round the desolated room;  
Every object seems to whisper,  
"Emma sleeps beneath the tomb."

Hark! the briny billows roaring,  
Dash upon the rocky shore,  
Storms of hail and rain are pouring,  
Mingling on the naked moor:

Rude and loud the wind is howling,  
Like a maniac's thrilling rave;  
While the raging tempest, prowling,  
Sweeps my infant's peaceful grave.—

Yet, it must be a delusion,  
Oh! my baby can't be dead—  
Fancy's whim—a wild confusion,  
Agitates my feverish head.

Late I heard her little prattle,  
Charmed I saw her glad and gay,  
With the noisy childish rattle,  
Sure to chase her griefs away.

Hebe decked her cheek with roses,  
Comus sparkled in her eye,  
And her brow was hung with posies,  
Such as Flora's groves supply.

But my Emma's gone for ever!  
Chilling sorrow fills my soul—  
Will she ne'er return—Ah! never—  
Now death's billows o'er her roll.

Dimpled cheeks, and eyes beguiling—  
 Now lie mouldering in the grave—  
 But my Emma still is smiling,  
 Far removed from sorrow's wave.

Hush, my heart, this sad repining,  
 Cease, then, cease, t' indulge thy woe;  
 Wisdom is thy dross refining,  
 Laying thus thy comforts low.

Peace, be subject to His dealings,  
 Humbly speak His right to reign;  
 Cast away rebellious feelings,  
 Let His grace thy mind sustain.

M. S.

(Aged 14 years.)

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STANZAS.

WRITTEN ON SEEING MY INFANT BOY PLAYING, IN A MIMICKING  
 WAY, WITH MY PENS AND PAPERS.

BEAUTIFUL mimic! though no line  
 Appears from all thy anxious scrawling,  
 My pens and paper you purloin,  
 And with them on the floor art crawling.

Now, imitating all my ways,  
 Thy little desk the footstool seemeth,  
 Appearing there to mock my lays,  
 Whilst bliss in thy bright blue eye beameth.

Go on, my child?—'tis pleasure all—  
 Thou knowest not the poet's trouble;  
 Indeed his wisest, wittiest scrawl,  
 Too often is, like thine—a bubble!

The world repays his toil with scorn,  
 And wakes his mind to mis'ry's morrow;  
 Then gladly would he hail life's morn,  
 And live, like thee, devoid of sorrow.

J. M. LACEY.

## SOLUTION TO CHARADE IN THE LADIES' MUSEUM FOR OCTOBER.

//////  
BY J. M. LACEY.  
//////

Not being sure that I am right,  
And fearful I should tease her,  
I yet shall try with all my might,  
To answer Miss Louisa.

And if my rhymes are rough and queer,  
She must not quite refuse 'em;  
For deeming her a gentle dear,  
I'll beg her to excuse 'em.

Thus then I've taken up my *pen*,  
A solving Lilliputian,  
A humble *man*, 'mongst riddling men,  
To offer a solution.

My thought I now *ship* off to her;  
If wrong, why, she must burn it;  
If right, I shall no blame incur,  
And sure she will not spurn it.

This then my answer—bold and free—  
'Tis *Penmanship*,—I know it—  
And if the printers will agree,  
Why publish it, and show it.

=====

SOLUTION

OF THE CHARADE IN THE LAST.

//////

Your *first* my signature will shew;  
One ounce your *second* weighs;  
Your *whole* will be *Announce*, I know;—  
Now, Lacey, give me praise!

ANN.

**Marriages.**

Wm. Pott, Esq. to Mary, eldest daughter of Sir Charles Price.

Capt. Yeoman, R. N. to Charlotte, youngest daughter of Sir Everard Home, Bart.

At Lambeth Church, Major Gen. Younge, to Catherine, daughter of the late J. Bichnell, Esq. of Doctors' Commons.

**Deaths.**

At Tulacre, in Flintshire, Sir Pyas Mortyn, aged 74.

Suddenly, at Jersey, J. Dumar, esq. his Majesty's Attorney General.

At his Town residence, Great Ormond Street, Sir Richard Richards, the Lord Chief Baron, in his 71st year.

At Port Elliott, John, Earl of St. Germain.

At Deptford, John Mason, Esq. one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the Counties of Kent and Surry.

On Saturday, the 15th inst. in Beaumont Street, the Right Hon. the Earl of Portmore, aged 78.

George Augustus, only Son of the Hon. Earl Bonverie, and nephew to the Earl of Radnor.

Near Edinburgh, the Right Hon. Lord Erskine, aged seventy six. He was third Son of the late, and Brother to the present, Earl of Buchan—Inheriting but a small patrimony, he was bred to the Bar, where he became so greatly distinguished as to rise gradually to its highest Honours: having been appointed Lord High Chancellor of England in the Year 1806.—Of the life of so distinguished an individual we shall, hereafter, offer further notice to our readers.

**NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

The Publishers offer a Prize of Books, value Two Guineas, for the

**BEST ESSAY,**

"On the Peculiar Sources of the Happiness of Women, in civilized Society."

Candidates for this Prize are requested to forward their respective Communications, post paid, by the middle of January next.

Letter to a Young Lady; Eccentric Biography, No. 1; The Miser, The Honest Lawyer; a Song, by Fanny; are received and will be inserted.

We again repeat that no Tale can be received, the whole of which is not forwarded to us at once; nor the length of which would run beyond six numbers.

The Essay on Dwarfs has been, long since, accepted, and is intended for early insertion.

Mrs. T— will perceive that we accept her new Contribution with pleasure; but, at present, decline the proffered Translation.

Gregory Scriblerus has heard from us privately, ere this.

The Poetry by Miss M. L. R—Rose Harcourt—Birth Days—are under consideration.

We have received Louisa's communication—but are ignorant of the former one to which reference is made.

"Perseverance" has been, for some months, ready for the press, but want of space has obliged us to defer its insertion.

The Essay on *Poverty* has been returned through the Publishers.

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I, I, I, in

Who has the tanner's daughter seen, I, I, in

look. I, in

quest of her have been, in quest of her have been,

quest of her have been, in quest of her have been,

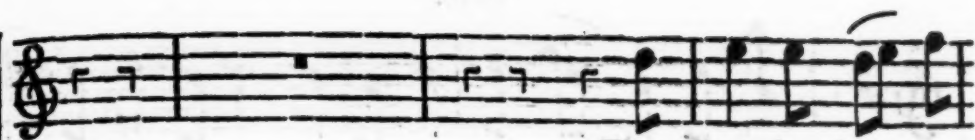
quest of her have been, in quest of her have been; But

as the tan-ner was with-in 'twas hard to 'scape him in

But as the tanner was within, 'twas hard to  
 whole skin, But as the tanner was within 'twas hard to

'scape him in whole skin, 'Twas hard to 'scape him in  
 'scape him in whole skin, 'Twas hard to 'scape him in  
 'scape him in whole skin, 'Twas hard to 'scape him in

whole skin. From ev'-ry place con-demn'd to  
 whole skin. From ev'-ry place con-demn'd to  
 whole skin. From ev'-ry place con-demn'd to



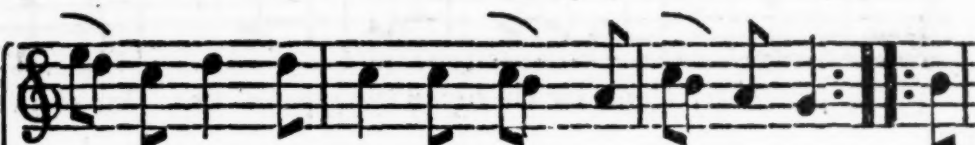
These branches form our



room, In ev'ry place we seek a home, These branches form our



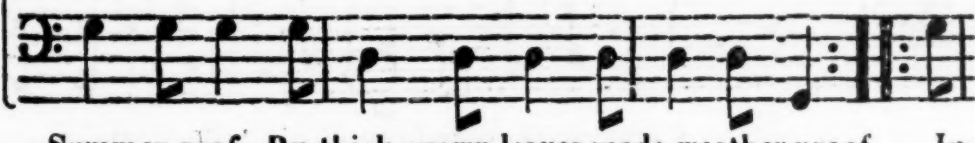
room, In ev'-ry place we seek a home, These branches form our



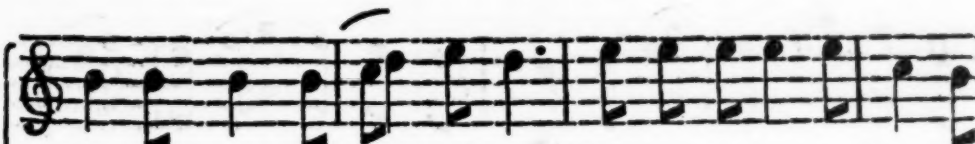
Summer roof, By thick grown leaves made weather proof. In



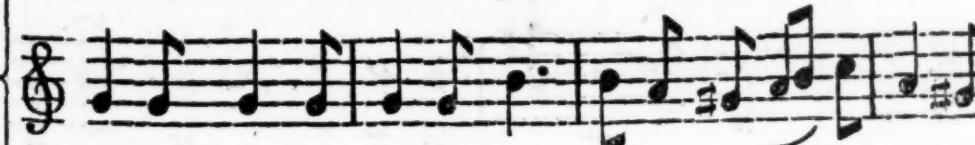
Summer roof, By thick grown leaves made weather proof. In



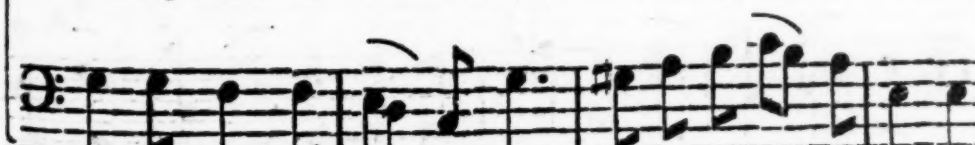
Summer roof, By thick grown leaves made weather proof. In



shel'tring nooks and hollow ways, We cheerly pass our Winter



shel'tring nooks and hollow ways, We cheerly pass our Winter



shel'tring nooks and hol-low ways. We cheerly pass our Winter



days. Come cir-cle round the gipsies' fire. Come cir-cle round  
 days. Come cir-cle round  
 days.



the gipsies' fire, Come cir-cle round the gipsies' fire, Our songs  
 the gipsies' fire, Come cir-cle round the gipsies' fire, Our songs  
 Come cir-cle round the gipsies' fire, Our songs



our sto-ries ne - ver tire, Our songs our sto-ries ne - ver  
 our sto - ries ne - ver tire. Our songs our stories ne - ver  
 our sto - ries ne - ver tire. Our songs our stories ne - ver

*Slur.*

tire. ne-ver tire. Come stain your cheek with nut or

tire. ne - ver tire.

tire. ne - ver tire.

berry, Come stain your cheek with nut or berry, Come stain your

Come stain your cheek with nut or berry, Come stain your

cheek with nut or ber-ry, You'll find the gipsies' life is merry,

cheek with nut or berry, You'll find the gipsies' life is merry,

cheek with nut or ber-ry, You'll find the gipsies' life is merry,



You'll find the gipsies merry, merry, merry, You'll find the gipsies

You'll find the gipsies merry, merry, merry, You'll find the gipsies

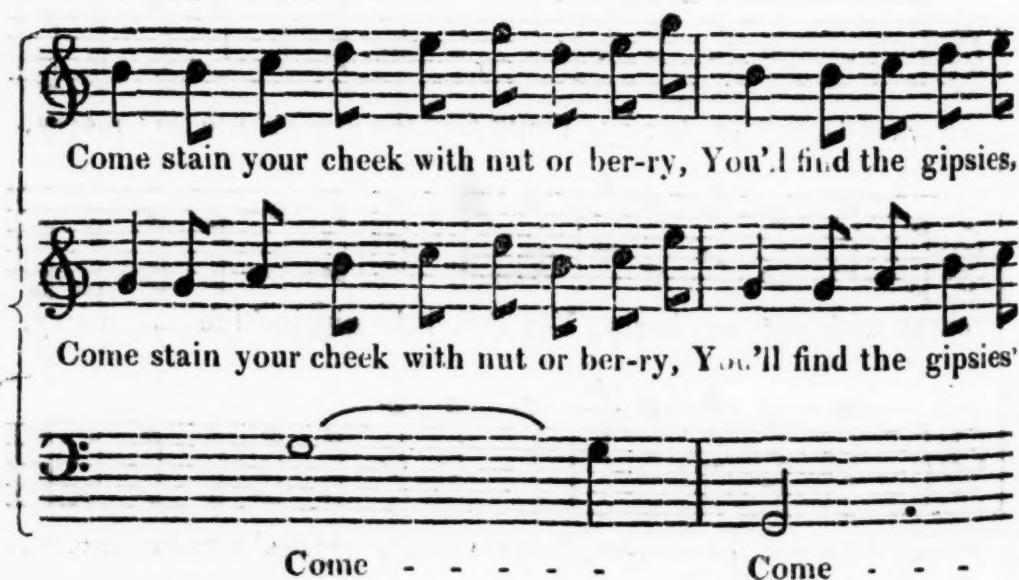
You'll find the gipsies merry, mer-ry, merry, You'll find the gipsies



merry, merry, merry, You'll find the gipsies' life is mer-ry.

merry, merry, merry, You'll find the gip-sies' life is merry.

merry, merry, merry, You'll find the gipsies' life is mer-ry.



Come stain your cheek with nut or ber-ry, You'll find the gipsies,

Come stain your cheek with nut or ber-ry, You'll find the gipsies'

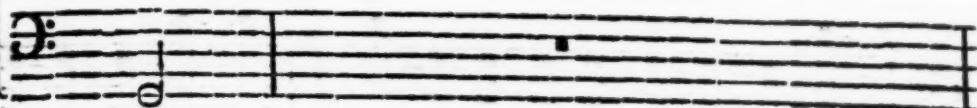
Come - - - - - Come - - -



life is merry, Come stain your cheek with nut and ber - ry



life is merry.



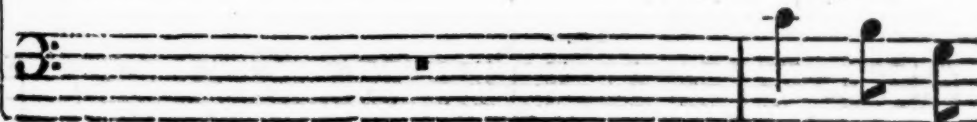
...



Come stain your cheek with nut or ber - ry, Come stain your



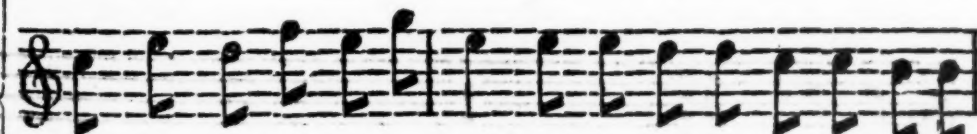
Come stain your cheek with nut or ber-ry, Come stain your



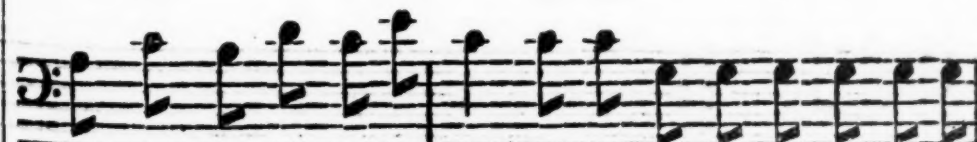
Come stain your



cheek with nut or ber-ry, You'll find the gipsies' life is merry,



cheek with nut or berry, You'll find the gipsies' life is merry,



cheek with nut or ber-ry, You'll find the gipsies' life is merry,



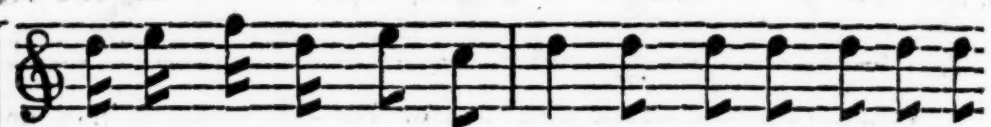
You'll find the gipsies merry, merry, merry, You'll find the gipsies



You'll find the gipsies merry, merry, merry, You'll find the gipsies



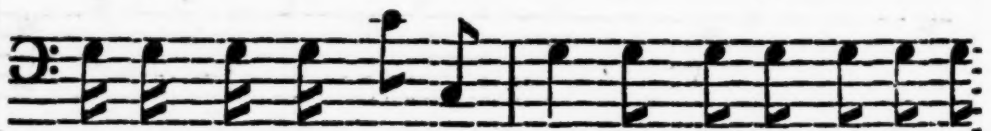
You'll find the gipsies merry, mer-ry, merry, You'll find the gipsies



mer-ry, mer - ry, mer - ry, You'll find the gip-sies' life is



mer-ry, mer - ry, mer-ry, You'll find the gip-sies' life is



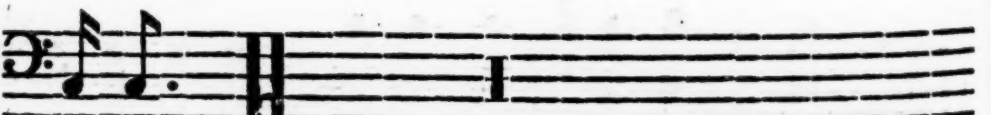
mer-ry, mer - ry, mer-ry, You'll find the gipsies' life is



mer-ry.



mer-ry.



mer-ry.

## No. VI.

Alva.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY WILLIAM LEMAN REDE.

Solemn.

[AIR—Rich and rare were the Gems she wore.



DEEP o'er Al - va's



tow - er falls The gloom of night, the an - cient



walls Are dark as death; the sen - try's care Is

The first system of music consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#), indicating G major. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a dotted quarter note B4, and ends with a half note A4. The piano accompaniment features a treble staff with a melody of quarter and eighth notes, and a bass staff with a simple harmonic accompaniment of quarter notes.

si - lent all, For death is there, The last of Al - va's

The second system continues the musical piece. The vocal line starts with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a dotted quarter note B4, and ends with a half note A4. The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns in both treble and bass staves.

lof - ty line Is laid with - in the con - vent

The third system concludes the phrase. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a dotted quarter note B4, and ends with a half note A4. The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic support throughout the system.



Alva ! peace is not for thee,  
 Thy splendid turrets yonder see,  
 Thy wide domains are fair to view ;  
 Thou hast no child to give them to ;  
 And thou art old, and sorrow here,  
 With none to dry thy bitter tear.

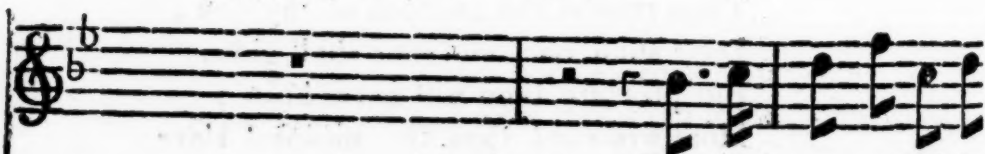
False thou wert in love, and now  
 Thou reap'st the guerdon of thy vow ;  
 Days shall rise, and suns shall glow,  
 But pleasure thou wilt never know ;  
 More wretched than thy meanest slave,  
 Thy only hope is in the grave.

*Let us haste to Kelvin Grove, bonny Lassie, O!*

A FAVORITE SCOTCH BALLAD,

INTRODUCED BY MR. BRAHAM, IN GUY MANNERING.

*Affettuoso.*

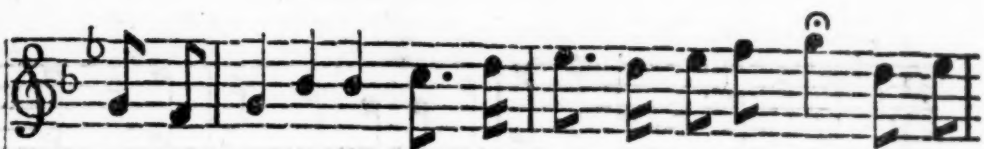
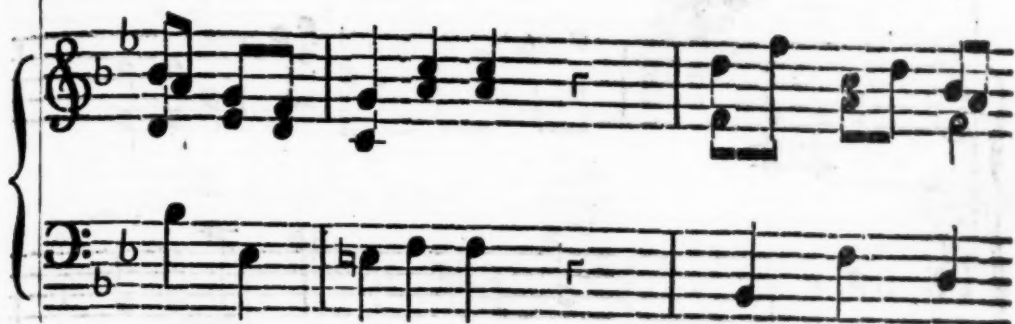


LET us haste to Kelvin





grove bon-ny lassie, O! Through its ma-zes let us rove,



bon-ny lassie, O! Where the rose in all its pride Paints the



hollow dingle side, Where the midnight fairies glide, bonny



lassie, O! We will wander to the mill, bonny lassie, O, To the

The first system of music consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The key signature has one sharp (F#), indicating G major. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The piano accompaniment uses a grand staff with treble and bass clefs, also with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

cove beside the rill, bonny lassie, O, Where the glens rebound the

The second system continues the musical piece. It features the same vocal and piano parts as the first system. The lyrics continue below the vocal staff.

call Of the lof - ty water-fall, Thro' the mountain's rocky

The third system concludes the musical piece. It features the same vocal and piano parts. The lyrics conclude below the vocal staff.

The musical score is written for a single melodic line and a piano accompaniment. The melody is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the melody. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, both in G major. The first system of the piano part has a treble and bass clef. The second system also has a treble and bass clef. The third system has a treble and bass clef. The fourth system has a treble and bass clef. The fifth system has a treble and bass clef. The sixth system has a treble and bass clef. The seventh system has a treble and bass clef. The eighth system has a treble and bass clef. The ninth system has a treble and bass clef. The tenth system has a treble and bass clef. The eleventh system has a treble and bass clef. The twelfth system has a treble and bass clef. The thirteenth system has a treble and bass clef. The fourteenth system has a treble and bass clef. The fifteenth system has a treble and bass clef. The sixteenth system has a treble and bass clef. The seventeenth system has a treble and bass clef. The eighteenth system has a treble and bass clef. The nineteenth system has a treble and bass clef. The twentieth system has a treble and bass clef. The twenty-first system has a treble and bass clef. The twenty-second system has a treble and bass clef. The twenty-third system has a treble and bass clef. The twenty-fourth system has a treble and bass clef. The twenty-fifth system has a treble and bass clef. The twenty-sixth system has a treble and bass clef. The twenty-seventh system has a treble and bass clef. The twenty-eighth system has a treble and bass clef. The twenty-ninth system has a treble and bass clef. The thirtieth system has a treble and bass clef. The thirty-first system has a treble and bass clef. The thirty-second system has a treble and bass clef. The thirty-third system has a treble and bass clef. The thirty-fourth system has a treble and bass clef. The thirty-fifth system has a treble and bass clef. The thirty-sixth system has a treble and bass clef. The thirty-seventh system has a treble and bass clef. The thirty-eighth system has a treble and bass clef. The thirty-ninth system has a treble and bass clef. The fortieth system has a treble and bass clef. The forty-first system has a treble and bass clef. The forty-second system has a treble and bass clef. The forty-third system has a treble and bass clef. The forty-fourth system has a treble and bass clef. The forty-fifth system has a treble and bass clef. The forty-sixth system has a treble and bass clef. The forty-seventh system has a treble and bass clef. The forty-eighth system has a treble and bass clef. The forty-ninth system has a treble and bass clef. The fiftieth system has a treble and bass clef. The fifty-first system has a treble and bass clef. The fifty-second system has a treble and bass clef. The fifty-third system has a treble and bass clef. The fifty-fourth system has a treble and bass clef. The fifty-fifth system has a treble and bass clef. The fifty-sixth system has a treble and bass clef. The fifty-seventh system has a treble and bass clef. The fifty-eighth system has a treble and bass clef. The fifty-ninth system has a treble and bass clef. The sixtieth system has a treble and bass clef. The sixty-first system has a treble and bass clef. The sixty-second system has a treble and bass clef. The sixty-third system has a treble and bass clef. The sixty-fourth system has a treble and bass clef. The sixty-fifth system has a treble and bass clef. The sixty-sixth system has a treble and bass clef. The sixty-seventh system has a treble and bass clef. The sixty-eighth system has a treble and bass clef. The sixty-ninth system has a treble and bass clef. The seventieth system has a treble and bass clef. The seventy-first system has a treble and bass clef. The seventy-second system has a treble and bass clef. The seventy-third system has a treble and bass clef. The seventy-fourth system has a treble and bass clef. The seventy-fifth system has a treble and bass clef. The seventy-sixth system has a treble and bass clef. The seventy-seventh system has a treble and bass clef. The seventy-eighth system has a treble and bass clef. The seventy-ninth system has a treble and bass clef. The eightieth system has a treble and bass clef. The eighty-first system has a treble and bass clef. The eighty-second system has a treble and bass clef. The eighty-third system has a treble and bass clef. The eighty-fourth system has a treble and bass clef. The eighty-fifth system has a treble and bass clef. The eighty-sixth system has a treble and bass clef. The eighty-seventh system has a treble and bass clef. The eighty-eighth system has a treble and bass clef. The eighty-ninth system has a treble and bass clef. The ninetieth system has a treble and bass clef. The ninety-first system has a treble and bass clef. The ninety-second system has a treble and bass clef. The ninety-third system has a treble and bass clef. The ninety-fourth system has a treble and bass clef. The ninety-fifth system has a treble and bass clef. The ninety-sixth system has a treble and bass clef. The ninety-seventh system has a treble and bass clef. The ninety-eighth system has a treble and bass clef. The ninety-ninth system has a treble and bass clef. The hundredth system has a treble and bass clef.

hall, bon-ny las-sie, O! Thro' the mountain's rocky hall

bon-ny las-sie, O.

Then we'll up to yonder glade, bonny lassie, O!  
 Where so oft beneath the shade, bonny lassie, O!  
 With the songsters in the grove, we have told our tale of love,  
 And have sportive garlands wove, bonny lassie, O!  
 Ah! I soon must bid adieu, bonny lassie O!  
 To this fairy scene and you, bonny lassie, O!  
 To the streamlet winding clear, to the fragrant scented bri'r  
 E'en to thee of all most dear, bonny lassie, O!

For the frowns of fortune lour, bonny lassie, O!  
 On thy lover at this hour, bonny lassie, O!  
 Ere the golden orb of day wake the warblers on the spray,  
 From this land I must away, bonny lassie, O!  
 And when on a distant shore, bonny lassie, O!  
 Should I fall midst battle's roar, bonny lassie, O!  
 Wilt thou, Julia, when you hear of thy lover on his bier,  
 To his mem'ry drop a tear, bonny lassie, O!

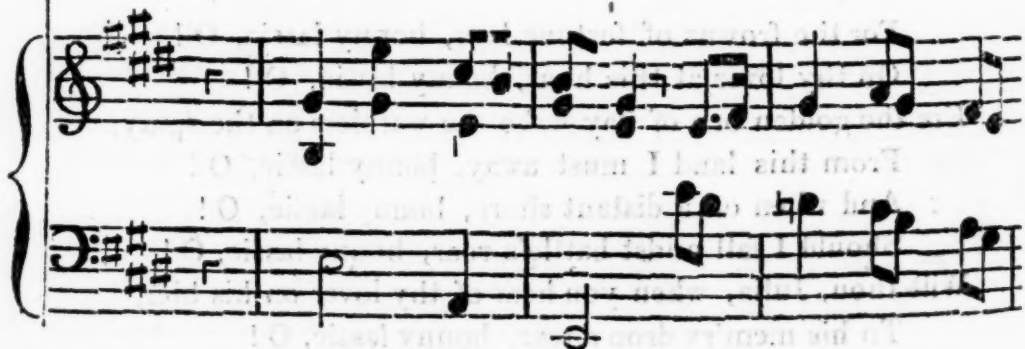
## No. VII.

*In Griefs and in Dangers.*

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY WILLIAM LEMAN REDE.

[Air—*The last Rose of Summer.*

In griefs and in dangers, At land and at



sea, Midst pleasures and strangers, My soul was

with thee, Whilst thou with thy kindred, At peace

and at home, Taught thy fan-cy to wan-der



Whilst I suffer'd capture,  
 Wrong'd wounded, oppress'd,  
 Thy heart beat with rapture  
 To Netherville's breast.  
 In my wants and my sorrows,  
 I fear'd thou should'st mourn;  
 And my heart was distress'd  
 Lest thine should be torn.

Tho' false friends have decried thee,  
 I join not their hate;  
 Tho' the world may deride thee,  
 I pity thy fate,  
 I know thou hast wrong'd me—  
 Will ne'er be my own;  
 But I feel that I love thee,  
 And love thee alone!

*O Logie O' Buchan.*

A FAVORITE SCOTCH AIR, ARRANGED AS A DUET.

*Grazioso.*



Jamie that delv'd in the yard.      Wha play'd on the pipe



and the vi - ol sae sma'      They've taen a-wa' Ja-mie the

and the vi - ol sae sma'      They've taen a-wa' Ja-mie the



flow'r o' them a'      He said, Think na lang, lassie, tho'

flow'r o' them a'.      He said, Think na lang, lassie, tho'



Sandy has ousen, has gear, and has kye,  
 A house and a haddin, and siller forby;  
 But I'd tak' my ain lad wi' his staff in his hand,  
 Before I'd hae him wi' his houses and land.  
 He said, 'Think na lang, lassie,' &c.

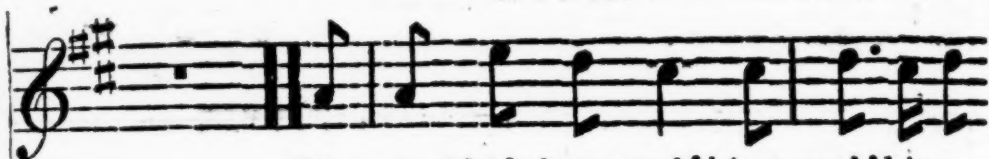
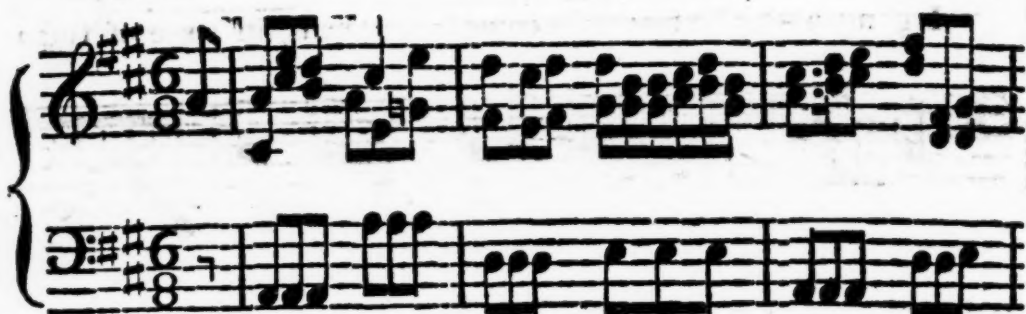
My daddy looks sulky, my minny looks sour,  
 They frown upon Jamie because he is poor;  
 Tho' I like them as weel as a daughter should do,  
 They're nae half sae dear to me, Jamie, as you.  
 He said, &c.

I sit on my creepie and spin at my wheel,  
 And think on the laddie that likes me sae weel;  
 He had but ae saxpence, he brak' it in twa,  
 And he gied me the ha'f o't when he gaed awa'.  
 Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na' awa',  
 Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na' awa',  
 The simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa',  
 And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.

*The Rose had been wash'd.*

*Larghetto.*

WEBBE.



The rose had been wash'd just wash'd in a



show'r that Ma-ry to An-na con-vey'd, The plen-ti-ful



moisture encumber'd the flow'r & weigh'd down its beautiful

head, The cup was all fill'd and the leaves were all wet,

And it seem'd to a fan-ci-ful view, To weep for the

buds it had left with regret On the flourishing bush where it

grew.

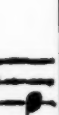
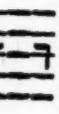
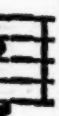
*Andante.*

I has - ti - ly seiz'd it, Un-fit as it was

*Minore.*



e it



was

